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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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How Begot, How Nourished

"NO, not out of a magical burst of smoke and flame—not even out of a paternal library or a university cloister. The modern author springs from an amazing variety of soils, and emerges from the ranks of the most variegated professions." So runs a recent pronouncement of one of our publishing houses, reiterating what has been true of the profession of writing from the beginning of literature. There has been no age of culture which has not had its Cæsars as well as its Virgils, its Defoes as well as its Berkeleys, that cannot show its tinkers' sons turned authors as well as its sages, or its soldiers taking pen in hand like its poets. No, the phenomenon which challenges interest is not the diversity of background from which authorship springs but the divergent adjustments to like environment it needs must make for fructification. Where, we might ask with the poet, "is fancy bred, Or in the heart or in the head, How begot, how nourished?" Is creative literature a product of ratiocination or of emotion, is it the result of experiencing and suffering, or the outgrowth of observation and contemplation? These are moot questions, difficult to delimit, impossible to answer categorically.

Yet one or two generalizations may perhaps be ventured, and first of all the corollary that there can be no good writing that does not arise from the immediacy of the author's relation to his subject matter. He must express his own reactions to life, not another's. Such a statement does not for an instant imply that self-expression is of itself a claim to merit, or that a highly individualized literary output of necessity means distinction in writing. We have had far too much of the outpourings of mediocre minds and meagre souls of late in our literature, far too many absurdities and vagaries masquerading under the guise of originality in our writing. A million crassnesses of expression will not make a stylist, unless crassness means peculiar power in conveying impressions, nor a thousand pages of comment on life and living a considerable writer unless back of the comment are a mind and soul of some significance. Far too large a part of what comes from our presses today is anemic and doomed to early extinction because it springs from no lustiness of thinking, no robustness of feeling. Half the attention lavished on the abnormalities and perversions of human nature is born of a vision too restricted to see man's passions and weaknesses in the perspective of the whole complex, pitiful, magnificent drama of human existence, just as half of the strained, fantastic, banal manner of expression which has passed as writing has arisen from lack of all standards that can serve as a touchstone to style. Out of nothing, nothing comes, and all the will to expression in the world will serve a writer not in the least unless he has something to say and knows how to say it.

But this is in a way a digression. What is it that, granting him knowledge and ability, will best conduce to the creative writer's—the novelist's, to be specific—transmutation of his world into literature? Who can say? For what is one man's meat may be another man's poison, and the very conditions that in one case lead to a liberation of power in another may tend toward nothing but confusion and frustration. To experience at first hand, to be in intimate contact with the emotions and struggles, the triumphs and defeats of men and women, to be of the hurly burly and the multiple small incidents of daily life, may be an absolute prerequisite of creativeness for one writer. His fancy can only be fertilized through contact with his fellows, and his art will bear only with the assistance of actual happening. With another, on the other hand, the first essential to pro-

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New Mexican Mountain

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

I WATCH the Indians dancing to help the young corn at Taos pueblo. The old men squat in a ring
And make the song, the young women with fat bare arms, and a few shame-faced young men, shuffle the dance.

The lean-muscled young men are naked to the narrow loins, their breasts and backs daubed with white clay,
Two eagle-feathers plume the black heads. They dance with reluctance, they are growing civilized; the old men persuade them.

Only the drum is confident, it thinks the world has not changed; the beating heart, the simplest of rhythms,
It thinks the world has not changed at all; it is only a dreamer, a brainless heart, the drum has no eyes.

These tourists have eyes, a hundred watching the dance, white Americans, hungrily too, with reverence, not laughter,
Pilgrims from civilization, anxiously seeking beauty, religion, poetry; pilgrims from the vacuum.

People from cities, anxious to be human again. Poor show how they suck you empty! The Indians are emptied,
And certainly there was never religion enough, nor beauty nor poetry here . . . to fill Americans.

Only the drum is confident, it thinks the world has not changed. Apparently only myself and the strong
Tribal drum, and the rockhead of Taos mountain, remember that civilization is a transient sickness.

This Week

"The Road to Oblivion."
Reviewed by E. W. NELSON.

"A Survey of Burlesque and Parody in English."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"Washington Merry-Go-Round."
Reviewed by WILLIAM E. SHEA.

"Dr. Traprock's Memory Book."
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"Susan Spray."
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"Circus Nights and Circus Days."
Reviewed by M. R. WERNER.

Notes on Bermuda.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Cowboy Pool.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Next Week, or Later

Crisis and Prophecy.
By FABIAN FRANKLIN.

Robinson Jeffers

By BENJAMIN H. LEHMAN

THE most significant trend in contemporary poetry may, I believe, be best observed in the poems of Robinson Jeffers. For he alone of living poets in the English language perceives the great problems of a new mode of poetry. Others—T. S. Eliot, Frost, Sandburg, E. A. Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay — embody minor trends: the use of free rhythms, of new idioms, of new associational values, of deep-going local material; the retrieving of old word-music for modern thought and feeling. But each of these, for want of the proper meditation or for want of solid mass of achievement, fails to clarify and, of course, to solve the problem.

The problem has arisen because the extent and the nature of the descriptions of the universe which the sciences have given us, have deprived man of the central place in the scheme of things. The ingratiating quality of that view of the world which is now less and less acceptable was not that it was magical, with Presences and Powers controlling events, but that it was anthropocentric. Man under an urge to complete the design of his living, enlarged his canvas by adding a hereafter and a heaven above. The artist seeking to give coherence, and sharpness, and shape to his report of the fragments of the world was sustained as though in concentric circles by what was remote as well as by what was immediate to his position. For his position in that scheme of things was not only at the center of the vastness, but at the apex of time, and at the heart of being. There, it seemed, as the result of an evolving selection, all the interests, attitudes, and impulses of the human organism responded in a practically perfect equilibrium.

The neutralization of nature appears to have changed all that. Man now looks back down a long perspective up which his begetting slowly progressed, inevitable but unforeseen. Behind consciously recorded history, there is the record in artifacts and institutions, in fossils, in rock strata, and at last the testimony of stellar distance and substance, and of abstract mechanics. All this existed, in a sense, that he might be, but it did not will that he be and might, indeed, and with little change in the earlier stages have realized a very different possibility. The physical chemical cross-section of life lays a strong emphasis on these facts. Man is not only the collateral descendant of an ape, but has a skeleton like a frog's and the optic of the family *Suidae*. His living organism is spoken of as a storage battery with the brain for one pole and the kidneys or the liver for the other, his conception and his death are chemical reactions. He is the creature of repeated trial and error. Nature had no forethought for his excellence, has sunk in his precarious germ-plasm any eagerness she may have had to maintain him, and has no regard for his dignity. He is an incongruous product of the unhuman ferment.

And poets, whose function it is to express and complete the insight of the era in which they live, have been baffled. One has endeavored to lift what is august and ennobling in human experience above the enveloping casualness, and it appears he has merely lifted it out of the casualness and thus rendered it trivial, the sport of sinister forces. So Hardy bewails "the intolerable antilogy of making figments feel." Or the singer of the Modern Man, the chanter of Personality, for which "the globe lay preparing quintillions of years," for which "the revolving cycles truly and steadily roll'd," facing home again from California's shores, cries

> But where is what I started for, so long ago?
> And why is it yet unfound?

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Hardy refuses to be comforted, he is in fact baffled by the human situation, and Whitman, though he does not know that he needs to be comforted, is baffled not only by the human situation but by the poet's as well. And the poet in either case can certainly not complete the insight of his age, because those interests, attitudes, and impulses of his organism among which rises the formed experience vibrate unsecured between the attractions of irony and of pity for man, of enthusiasm toward or indifference for nature. Feeling and thought cannot come together in a necessary consent. Wherefore the word arrangements in which an artist who is a poet seeks to externalize his patterns want warmth of feeling, as in Hardy's case, or they want austerity of reason as in Whitman's. The poet and his audience have come to a point where they cannot because of their knowledge accept that view of the world which projected human motives from man at the center into the encircling universe. And the organisms of both the poet and his audience appear as yet hardly to have made that inner adjustment necessary before the power of poetry can act completely under the new view of things. We confront simply the problem of a new approach to the universe and the individual, which shall bring into harmony the moral and the natural worlds, the former being a world of dramatic and the latter of epic scheme. It is in short, in the highest sense, a problem of discovering a new mode for poetry.

Hardy had already perceived this when he described "The Dynasts" as an epic-drama. The phrase meant something more, of course, than that he employed stage techniques on a narrative theme. What it meant beyond that was implied in the phantom intelligences which are no more than analytical voicings of the human and of the natural aspects of the universe. Yet these phantom intelligences constitute a device which though penetrating and grand is overadroit and partly derivative, and they find no adequate responses in the experience of the reader. Dante could make use of such a device since he wrote in a time of wonderful unanimity and he worked with archetypal images at home in the common mind; Blake could make use of such because he wrote in a fortunate isolation, and allowed his creations to make what way they could. The poet of a world view that challenges test and seeks acceptance cannot be a Blake. The figures he invents must be capable of allying themselves with the real in the outer realm of matter or in the inner realm of images. In the immediate future the poet can effect this alliance only by turning to his use a certain unworded human philosophy, which was in fact born of the neutrality of nature and exists without dialectic and without illusion, which has always been equal to the business of living and continuing life, or we should not be here, and which has a wisdom of its own, all ready to be phrased.

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It was this unworded human philosophy, sometimes called instinct and sometimes animal urge, which carried on the human race, even while men supplicated and sacrificed to Presences and Powers which were expressions of some part of the urges. It was never absent, and must have been always active. The interests, attitudes, and impulses which it involved and was involved with gave to poetry written under the magical dispensation those qualities that still move us. For it took the world as it was perforce, though the world had not yet been described by all the sciences from mechanics to neurology, and however the myth-making faculties may have disported themselves the reality-sense of the residual wisdom saw the race through. This philosophy, though ignorant of vitamins, of time-space projections, of the nature of memory and of all the rest, is in accord with the neutral universe that science gives an account of, simply because it has survived in it. And since it deploys from the oldest and most essential elements of man, the artist who seizes it and works with it may very well arouse responses unknown to the poet of the magical view.

The magical view, observed from this angle, appears to be an excrescence, and may very well be regarded as an early and short-lived phenomenon in the human story. Yet it has upon occasion been believed to be the indispensable condition of poetry. Even on the evidence of the achievements of the past this is an untenable belief. Shakespeare contrived his fancied world and his poetry without the magical view of things. With respect to religion and the nature of reality, he chose to write by the philosophy of animal faith. Certainly he did not write, and it is to be supposed he did not live, by the light of Presences and Powers. Indeed he did not, his comprehensive object granted, even fairly reflect the Judaic Christian magical light. Lucretius and Omar Khayyám made poetry solely out of the consequences which scientific knowledge tends to rouse in the mind, treating consciousness itself as merely atomic activity of a very subtle kind. Even St. Francis raised his greatest chant to the Presences and the Powers (the expression of part of the ancient urges), in terms of his sister the moon, his brother fire, and thus embedded the neutral universe in his magical setting, and made by that fact what is for most moderns an enduring beauty. For even with our accumulated knowledge sister moon and brother fire are concepts for which the archetypal images exist deep within the unworded human philosophy, types and symbols of eternity, beyond the reach of that changing fortune which has overtaken Presences and Powers.

Yet after all the question is whether, confronted with the whole contemporary view of man and nature, a poet can rise to the height of the great argument without the assistance or resistance of the magical view, expressing and completing the new insight for large bodies of readers, not writing from himself to himself in a beneficent isolation. This question may I think be partially answered by considering the entire range of one contemporary poet's work with careful references to his beliefs and practices. By observing such an instance we can perhaps say whether men have lived long enough under the new view for the figures and idioms coined by the poet to coalesce with his own unworded experience and with that of his readers.

In Robinson Jeffers, it seems to me, a slow maturing has completed the insight of the age; his lyrics and, among his longer poems, "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" express the content and the implications of the neutral view of nature. The hour has come to break out of humanity. You—the torch speaks to the torch-bearer—,

> You have walked in a dream, consumed with
> your fathers and your mothers, you have loved
> Inside the four walls of humanity, passions
> turned inward, incestuous desires and a fighting
> against ghosts, but the clarions
> Of light have called morning.

This,

> . . . the quaint disease
> Of human works and fineries,
> is corruption; this is *un*-natural. But it has never been
> compulsory,
> . . . when the cities lie at the monster's feet
> there are left the mountains.

Electra and Orestes in "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" are the opposing voices. She is rooted in her humanity:

> . . . I here remember the honor of the house, and
> Agamemnon's.

He has greater kindred than dwell under a roof.

> . . . I have fallen in love outward.
> . . . I entered the life of the brown forest
> And the great life of the ancient peaks, the patience
> of stone, I felt the changes in the veins
> In the throat of the mountain, a grain in many centuries.
> we have our own time, not yours; and I was the
> stream
> Draining the mountain wood; and I the stag drinking;
> and I was the stars,
> Boiling with light, wandering alone, each one the lord
> of his own summit; and I was the darkness
> Outside the stars, I included them, they were a part of
> me. I was mankind also, a moving lichen
> On the cheek of the round stone.

Orestes

> . . . had climbed the tower beyond time, consciously,
> and cast humanity, entered the earlier fountain.

The earlier fountain is the fountain of power, from which flows quietness, the primal and the latter silences, it is the matrix of all shining and quieter of shining, shining will die, but she is immortal, is peace. What Orestes achieved, what Electra did not feel the need of Cassandra cried out for:

> Oh grave and kindly
> Last of the lords of the earth, I pray you lead my
> substance
> Speedily into another shape, make me grass, Death, make
> me stone,
> Make me air to wander free between the stars and the
> peaks; but cut humanity
> Out of my being, that is the wound that festers in me,
> Not captivity, not my enemies.

Cassandra only Death could immerse in the enormous splendor; Orestes attained it within consciousness, as a new, profound, and vast content of consciousness.

"The Tower Beyond Tragedy" brings the human and the natural worlds harmoniously under one rule of conduct, for it sanctions and purifies every passion by making each legitimate in its place and hour and for its subject. And it invents a new mode of poetry with the essential qualities of both the drama of man and the epic of nature, partly through the contrasted motives and goals of Electra and Orestes, but more startlingly by the tranced glimpse of all things snatched by Cassandra:

> Millions
> Of shining bubbles burst and wander
> In the stream of the world falling . . .
> Iron and stone core, O stubborn axle of the earth
> you also
> Dissolving in a little time like salt in water . . .
> O force of the earth rising,
> O fallings of the earth: forever no rest, not forever
> From the wave and the trough, from the stream and
> the slack, from growth and decay . . .
> And at last, the cold uninhabitable earth:
> O clean, clean,
> White and most clean, colorless quietness,
> Without trace, without trail, without stain in the
> garment, drawn down
> From the poles to the girdle.

Into this poem is breathed the central unworded human philosophy,—to live, to live enough, to live long enough, but certainly to cease—often before made into poetry and into systems of thought, under nostalgic or nirvanic auspices, a resigned acceptance of human finitude or a desire for escape, but here at last set in the full dimensions of the universe as described by the sciences. The poem reflects the immense splendor in the tiny crystal of the human mind but it asserts that the crystal will break up and vanish and that the immense splendor though it change will remain.

"The Tower Beyond Tragedy" has a beauty almost intolerable to the mind and spirit. In his other earlier long poems Jeffers is for one reason or another less fortunate; they are almost intolerable to the nerves. In "Roan Stallion" the intention is clear in choral lyrics but not in the result, terrible and moving as it is. "Tamar," with its "passions turned inward, incestuous desires, and a fighting against ghosts," is cluttered rather than illumined by the apparatus of spectres; in spite of the poet's warning:

> Ah Tamar,
> It was not good, nor wise, nor safe, nor provident,
> Nor even for custom creates nature, natural . . .,

the poem has a tone and accent which throw glamour over freedom won beyond a code of conduct. That custom creates nature is asserted by the poet but hardly by the poem. "The Women at Point Sur" does not succeed entirely, I believe, because it carries too many elements. Woven about a theme of interest—here always with Jeffers the symbol of man's introversion—there is the terrific satire on the arrogance of man becoming the God of his own imagining and the depiction of the catastrophic possibilities of a mad man or a fool breaking away from humanity; there is an illustration of the idea expressed in one of the lyrics that religions germinate from a hidden and incoördinated morsel of character in their originators; there is a revelation of the ugliness of unmorality, when it so directs itself as to destroy freedom. These are all subordinate by design, if not in execution, to the chief concern. Jeffers wishes to demonstrate the destruction that inheres in the anthropocentric view. The sciences have taken man out of the center of the universe, but they have not uncentered his mind from itself, from himself, and from his belongings. In "The Woman at Point Sur" the great object is to show what will happen if this last step is not taken, if men—the animals Christ was rumored to have died for—do not learn to take naturally the strain that is in all things this side quiet and night and peace.

In these poems there is repeatedly the outcropping of poetry, sponsored by the poet's general thought. He makes poetry, authentic and powerful, brooded in a mind informed with the neutral universe.

And yet, in its totality—even with reflection on his latest poems—does not the poetry of Jeffers leave an impression of something lacking, not in measure or form which at its best becomes with custom always more satisfactory, more securely songful, but in its content? It seems to me that it does, and I wish to inquire whether this is owing to the occasion and the material, and therefore a permanent bar against poetry into the newly opened world? "Humanity is needless," writes Jeffers, but can that be right? In

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that universe of his imagining only the necessary has risen from among the possibilities of being, even "the hateful-eyed and human-bodied" could not but be. They too are natural. The spirit of nature addresses Wilson,

> . . . you and all men are
> drawn out of this depth
> Only to be the things you are, as flowers for color,
> falcons for swiftness,
> Mountains for mass and quiet.

There is incongruity, even self-contradiction, here. And again in the lines,

> So I believe if we were strong enough to listen
> without
> Divisions of desire and terror
> To the storm of the sick nations, the rage of the
> hunger-smitten cities,
> Those voices also will be found
> Clean as a child's . . .

Can it be merely that he is not strong enough to listen in this fashion? Or are these scorns of humanness and especially of city dwellers and lovers of multitude not such after all, but only the lyric of a momentary irritation at the invading picknickers on Carmel Bay? One might conclude thus, were it not for Cassandra's great vision, so bitterly phrased, and for the insistent note of contumely in the other long poems. It seems clear that in the manifestations of man Jeffers perceives something sinister, that in spite of his assuring us that

> . . . I and my people, we are willing to love the four-
> score years
> Heartily; but as a sailor loves the sea, when the helm is
> for harbor,

he would gladly shorten the distance home, perhaps actually rather not have taken the journey.

But this is, plainly, a difficulty in the poet and not in the material. He can apparently not fully and continuously believe and feel, as well as think, that each for its quality is drawn out of the depth. In nature all is free, merrily a-being, innocent, all is God's Eternal Laughter for those, who like Orestes, "fall in love outward." And though men may forget, they are themselves in their deepest forgetfulness still bits of this innocent free process, and their most disastrous or invasive contretemps seen under the aspect of the memory of itself which is the continuity of matter are comedy and not tragedy. For the goal of peace and quiet is set, and the unit of matter may be regarded as zestful in its travels, and possibilities of being as yet unrealized regarded as zestful at the increased probability of becoming.

What I miss in Jeffers is, then, the full and hearty affirmation of the universe, in its human as well as in its unhuman manifestations. Wanting this he has not realized the highest mode possible to the patterns of the neutral universe which the artist is to trace. For there is an aspect of form, arising naturally from this material and altering the shape as well as the tone of the created work, that depends on loving the four-score years heartily and in all their variety, on perceiving that the strain in humanity is an eagerness in matter, like the expectancy of the lover, or that of the runner on his course. The name of that aspect is, in the loftiest sense, comedy. The poetry of the neutral universe will be comic. For the poet will be able to give both the philosophical goal — as in drama—and the philosopher's journey—as in epic—not one or the other as Dante or Goethe gave it, but both, as no one has given them hitherto. That poet might be Jeffers, could he yet make the necessary affirmation. The poem may not impossibly be another "Prelude," the record of the growth of a poet's mind, to express an age in which religion and culture have one single source, a source in profound harmony with the ancient, unworded wisdom of being itself. Whoever writes it, as a possibility it is clear. And the conclusion is inescapable that under the neutral view of the universe the future of poetry is immense, that it has indeed greater promise than the past has achievement, for it will evolve from a harmony of the spirit of nature and the spirit of man. And the tentative achievement of that harmony, no doubt fragmentarily realized in many poets but with measurable completeness by Jeffers, is the most significant tendency of contemporary poetry.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who is seventy years old, is working on a new book the subject of which is being kept secret. He is living at his château at Medan, in France, where he is writing for five or six hours every day.

In the Land of Tomorrow

THE ROAD TO OBLIVION. By VLADIMIR ZENZINOV with the collaboration of ISAAC DON LEVINE. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1931.

Reviewed by E. W. NELSON
Smithsonian Institution

"IN the Land of Tomorrow" might be a more appropriate title for this book recording the experiences of an "administrative exile," from 1910 to 1914, in the great, richly endowed, but undeveloped, land of central and northern Siberia. The author was a good, although untrained, observer and his narrative gives such a wide range of information concerning that region it should appeal to readers of varied interests. One notable feature is the clear picture presented of the curious workings of the Russian exile system as it was administered near the close of the reign of the last White Czar.

The misery of the journey from St. Petersburg to Yakutsk was in a great measure offset by the surprising freedom given the exile once he arrived at his ultimate destination. He was permitted to carry with him from Yakutsk several guns with ammunition, instruments for weather observations supplied by the

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government, many books, and much food and other supplies. Coupled with this was the privilege of freely receiving and sending mail and of moving about in the Verkhoyansk district, greater than France in extent.

The mental attitude of the author toward the government was illustrated soon after his arrival at Yakutsk by his refusal to remove his hat in the presence of the Governor of this territory when, with other prisoners, he was ordered to do so. For this futile display of antagonism he was sent to spend his term of exile at Russkoye Ustye, near the Arctic coast, reputed to be the most remote and disagreeable place in the region. From there, however, he could and did travel widely within his limits. To those interested in far places and strange people this was a fortunate episode, however unhappy for the victim, for this book is based mainly on the experiences thus entailed.

Throughout the narrative runs a constant undercurrent expressing the nervous psychological unrest of a professional revolutionist suddenly removed from a crowded life among his fellows in urban centers and set down in a remote little settlement, devoid of all modern conveniences, amid wholly unaccustomed surroundings. The author's reactions to this new environment illustrate the difficulty of fitting a square peg into a round hole.

The account of his journeys from Yakutsk to the shore of the Arctic Ocean and through various parts of the Verkhoyansk district and his life at Russkoye Ustye is filled with interesting episodes and information from an almost unknown region of great size and of future possibilities which Zenzinov does not appear to have appreciated. There during several years he had the opportunities that would be prized by many an explorer, naturalist, or sportsman to wander over vast stretches of treeless Arctic tundras, through great areas of untouched forest and practically unknown mountains. In these wilderness areas lived scattered remnants of the diminishing primitive Mongolian Yakuts, Tunguses, and Chukchees. Among the aboriginal occupants exists a varied wild life both great and small. In regard to this element in the story the book is both fascinating and at the same time exasperating in its inadequate references to the caribou, moose, mountain sheep, and big brown bears, the presence of which imply a varied and rich fauna of smaller species. A mere passing reference is made to deposits on the mainland of merchantable mammoth ivory which has been mined for centuries on the New Siberian Islands farther to the north. It is known that the hairy mammoth existed in this region so recently that the climatic conditions were closely like those of today. The occurrence of the tusks noted by the author is of special interest in view of the location in the Verkhoyansk district of the Pole of Cold, where the winter temperatures register the lowest on record, more than 90° below zero, Fahrenheit.

To judge from Mr. Zenzinov's narrative he could not have had much, if any, out-of-door experience or knowledge before he faced the bitter road of exile. By means of books taken along even to this remote point of residence he was able to determine the identity of some of the wild life and to clarify other observations made in his novel surroundings. A number of erroneous identifications of birds occur which may be due more to the lack of knowledge on the part of the collaborator than of the author, for some of them are so obvious that they should have been corrected before the book was printed. The "partridges" Zenzinov found so common on the tundra are, of course, the well known ptarmigan. The "woodcock" he saw on the shore of the Arctic Ocean are not woodcock but snipe and other waders. The yearly visit of the people of the tundra to the ponds near the Arctic coast to make great drives of helpless wild geese that congregate there in vast numbers in July, to moult their flight feathers, is duplicated every year on a smaller scale by the Eskimos on the tundra lying south of the Yukon delta, in Alaska.

* * *

Many characteristics of the region in which the author lived resemble those in parts of Alaska where in some sections winter temperatures go more than 70° below zero Fahrenheit, and great tracts of land are permanently frozen to an unknown depth beneath the few inches of top soil that thaws and sustains a varied growth of vegetation. This frozen layer has been tested to a depth of more than 600 feet in the Yakutsk region. The surface soil in northern Siberia sometimes overlies beds of solid ice, probably relics of the last ice age. The bodies of several mammoths have been found in northern Siberia so well preserved by this natural cold storage that their flesh has been eaten by dogs and wild animals. Similar permanently frozen beds of earth occur over great areas in Alaska, where a company has excavated a large chamber in an underground bed of ice for the storage of reindeer carcasses. Another likeness between these two regions is the joyful excitement that welcomes the arrival of the first goose in spring. In the old fur-trading days of northern Canada and Alaska the native at each trading post who saw this harbinger of summer was always rewarded by a gift of tobacco.

Some of the matters related by the author appear to have been the result of imperfect observation or are merely repetitions of local folk-lore. Among the last may be placed the tale that partridges (ptarmigan) sometimes freeze as they fly and drop from the air dead in the intense cold of midwinter. That has a good counterpart in the statement once current in newspapers that birds flying across Death Valley, California, in summer often fell dead from the intense heat. The fact that a number of species of birds spend their lives and rear their young in Death Valley just as ptarmigan and various other birds pass each winter in the Verkhoyansk district reduces such tales to their proper place. So long as birds or mammals in any region have sufficient food to keep their engines well stoked they can endure any temperature of their native locality. Another tale apparently from the pages of Baron Munchausen is the local extravagance that the cold is so intense at times in the Verkhoyansk district that men's words freeze in the air almost as soon as they leave their lips, and if a fire is built in the vicinity later, or when the weather moderates, they suddenly become audible.

The account of the distribution and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of the region lying east of the Lena River delta, including the Yakuts, Tunguses, and Chukchees, is interesting in connection with the efforts to solve the problem of the source of the peopling of America. It is a practical certainty that

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the first arrivals on this continent came in successive waves from northeastern Asia as did most of the ancestors of the big game and many small mammals of North America's present fauna. The mongoloid facial characteristics of the Eskimos appear to indicate an origin very similar to that of the people that now occupy northeastern Siberia to the shore of Bering Strait. The decreasing numbers of these natives render all the information that can be secured from them of increasing value as it will help eventually in reconstructing the story of human migrations.

One of the remarkable events of the author's journey was his discovery, upon arrival at Russkoye Ustye on the lower Indigirka River, that he was in the midst of a little "lost" colony of about four hundred Russians whose ancestors had located there centuries before. Surprisingly enough, although completely illiterate and out of touch with their place of origin and surrounded for many generations by the partly civilized Yakuts and Tunguses they had maintained the purity of their blood. The survival of this little group intact in one of the most inhospitable parts of Arctic Siberia is a remarkable example of race virility that has few parallels. Under somewhat similar conditions the Northmen failed completely to hold their own in Greenland and on the north Atlantic coast of America.

The vast size of Siberia is well indicated by the Lena River with a length of more than 3,100 miles and a width at Bulun of from seven to eight miles, and an unmapped delta about 300 miles wide. The account of the break-up of the ice in spring indicates that it is an even greater and more awe-inspiring event than the breaking of ice on the Yukon at Dawson. Among other impressive sights in this great wilderness was the glory of the stars during clear, cold winter nights, with Polaris riding high toward the zenith.

Siberia is a region of enormous size, far beyond the comprehension of the great majority. Now it is thinly peopled and great areas in it are practically unknown. The author tells us that the Yakutsk Territory with an expanse of about 1,500,000 square miles has but one inhabitant to each ten square miles. Here lies the last great untamed land, continental in size, north of the equator, for civilized man to occupy. As Stefansson, in his foreword to this book, indicates, the reader will find in it entertainment and instruction, but should make certain reservations for errors that might be expected in such a volume.

"The Butterfly Art"

A SURVEY OF BURLESQUE AND PARODY IN ENGLISH. By GEORGE KITCHIN. London: Oliver & Boyd. 1931.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is not only the most inclusive but the most imposing account of the part burlesque has played in English literature. It is more than a survey; it is a critical history. In twelve chapters and three hundred and seventy-four pages, Professor Kitchin, patiently and a little too painfully, traces the inevitable progress of the ridiculous upon the heels of the sublime. He proves again that the excesses of every style and period breed their own correctives in the form of parodies, pasquinades, and satirical perversions—although this is scarcely news to the scholar. Somewhat more arresting is the new emphasis on the practitioners of parody, that "not wholly admirable art."

The distinguished roster begins with Chaucer and Shakespeare, Raleigh and Donne. Suckling is revealed in a new light; not as the composer of cavalier graces, but as the derisive and even gruesome burlesquer of the code of gallantry and strained metaphysical attitudes. Pope is displayed as the designer of mock-epics and mock heroics rather than as the joiner of didactic couplets. Coming down the centuries—and, incidentally, down several degrees—the author draws attention to the sure marksmanship of Bret Harte, C. S. Calverley, Theodore Martin, and William Ayton, that precious pair responsible for "Bon Gaultier's Ballads," and the brothers Smith, with others who are little more than half-remembered names. Among living authors who have entered the lists of parody, particularly high praise is accorded G. K. Chesterton, J. C. Squire, and Max Beerbohm, king of them all.

Having gone this far, it is a pity that the analyst went no further. In a work so foliose, it is a pity that he did not include a branch or two of the ordinary, even vulgar, burlesques which seldom find their way into print—the bold and sometimes bawdy echoes which might be classed as folk-parody. The work, moreover, is weakest in the chapters devoted to modern contributions to the butterfly art, especially the American ephemera. Bayard Taylor, one of the most skilful parodists who ever drew blood, is barely mentioned, although Owen Seaman's skittish "Borrowed Plumes" is referred to as "a work of genius." There are paragraphs about such obvious fun-makers as the English Barry Pain, "Evoe" of *Punch*, and Father Ronald Knox, but there is not even a reference to such Americans as Corey Ford, Donald Ogden Stewart, Christopher Ward, Newman Levy, Wallace Irwin, Edmund Wilson, G. S. Kaufman, Burges Johnson, F. P. A., Edward Hope, Edward Paramore, among the more incisive others. Professor Kitchin seems to harbor a prejudice against satire on this side of the Atlantic. What else can explain his assumption that "Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novels consist largely of parodies of such activities" (i. e. the activities of the Press), or the waspish remarks about Erskine and Cabell: "Mr. Cabell's 'Jurgen' we take to be sheer burlesque of medieval romance, but burlesque with serious intent." . . . "The meaning of Mr. James Branch Cabell's and even of Mr. John Erskine's satires cannot always be gathered." Such sentences make the reader wonder whether the professor, for all his research and erudition, understands the very quality of the thing he seems to be seeking.

On the whole, it is too bad that Professor Kitchin sometimes confuses irony and parody, and that his style is quite immune to the infection of his subject.

Politicians and Others

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND. New York: Horace Livright. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM E. SHEA

INSIDE and out, jacket, title, contents, this book is off color. Its title is not pat. Concededly the word "merry-go-round" has come in recent years to have a connotation of ribaldry (which presumably is the effect intended in the present case), but the context of the volume is such as to leave one in doubt whether it is the reader or Washington's gilded middle ageds that are being taken for a ride. Thus, when in the chapter, "Sons of the Wild Jackass," I came across the statement, set down in all the seriousness of black type on white paper, that Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart "has all the elements that go to make a leader . . . is honest and sincere, has a big, warm heart, and a head crammed full of facts and figures"—when I read that eulogy, it was not imagination that caused me to feel that my leg was being pulled. Mr. Brookhart undoubtedly possesses many Christian virtues for which he is to be praised, but if the above is a true picture of the figure he cuts in the Senate, then Heflin is a great Supreme Court Justice and Mabel Willebrandt has never sold a keg of Vine-Glo.

Little can be said, in my opinion, in defense of anonymity of authorship in connection with such a book. This is one of the cases where use of a *nom de plume* or no name at all just cannot be condoned. Even the standards of fair play as practiced by newspapers should require of an author, if he publishes that a certain high official "plays footie" with ladies at smart dinner tables, that he make known his own identity so that his victim may return the ball if he can.

I especially resent the blurb on the jacket, to the effect that "what newspapers do not print about the politics and politicians of this country and what the Washington correspondents write only between the lines are revealed in this astounding book." Bless the blurb-writer's heart. Anyone who has been a subscriber since about March, 1929, to the Scripps-Howard *Washington News* and the Hearst *Washington Times* and *Washington Herald*, knows that there is nothing the three newspapers named above will not print—in which respect they are not so very different from papers which preen themselves on publishing only the news that's fit to print. I am sure that every gossipy tale contained in this volume that has ever had the faintest news value has been printed—not once but *ad nauseam*. A long and very frank novel has been written about the book's principal romance—if such it may be called—which is dealt with by our anonymous author in terms of entirely misleading innuendo. The first two chapters, having to do with the foibles and peccadilloes and oddities of Washington's "Society," have, it would be only a mild exaggeration to say, been lifted bodily from the column "Capital Capers" which Mr. George Abell has conducted in the *Washington News* for the past several years. As for the allegation that Washington correspondents are so cabinned in their liberties that they can give expression to their real feelings only between the lines—that, speaking bluntly, is sheer rot.

The bald fact is that "Washington Merry-Go-Round" is a shoddy piece of work, discreditable to the anonymous member or members of Washington's corps of newspapermen who wrote it. Purporting to be a careful, candid, courageous, and worth-while picture of Washington official and social life, it turns out in reality to be petty, malicious, inaccurate, biased, and, for the most part, duller than a speech defending sugar beets by Senator Smoot. Sometimes it is outright blithering, as when it intimates that a habit of President Hoover's in the old days was to chain Chinese coolies in the sun for twenty-four hours to cure them of the itch to strike, and again when it writes *finis* to the career of Dwight Morrow because during his first three months in the Senate he made no speeches and played along with the Regulars of the party that had given him his advancement. Imbecilities!

Gossip among newspaper people in Washington has it that the "Merry-Go-Round" is the work of four or five men of the staffs of the so-called "liberal" newspapers and news agencies. It may be true that two or more persons had a hand in its composition, but there is one bit of evidence which indicates that the book must be the work of only one mind: every chapter, every page almost, reveals what seems to be an altogether morbid preoccupation on the writer's part with matters of personal finance; it simply cannot be that Washington harbors two newspapermen with so pathological an interest in money. . . . "Eugene Meyer has all the money he wants and gets no thrill out of making more." . . . President's Secretary Akerson "angled up a $25,000 post with the movie people." "Fred" Wile is paid $250 a week for a fifteen-minute radio talk. . . . Throughout a long, and, in places, well written chapter on the Press, the one unfailing yardstick of the author in measuring character and ability is the pay-check. If a writer earns $100 a week or less, that is strong evidence he is a good and faithful newspaperman. If he gets more, that is proof sufficient he is a "reactionary," that he is against the brotherhood of man, is not in favor of the Five-Year-Plan, and is depraved enough to be on friendly terms with the Power Trust. For those hapless individuals who have reached the top of the heap and are in the "25,000-a-year class," the writer displays a hatred so venomous as immediately to suggest its relationship to that common human emotion, envy.

The chapter on Secretary Stimson, "Wrong-Horse Harry," must have got in by mistake. It is a gem and alone is worth the price of the volume.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

"SUSAN SPRAY." By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. *Harpers.*

A novel which is a study of the religious mind as evinced in the person of a woman revivalist, written with humor and subtlety.

AMERICA'S PRIMER. By MORRIS L. ERNST. *Putnam.*

An inquiry into the pattern of American life.

COCONUT OIL. By COREY FORD. *Brewer, Warren & Putnam.*

A burlesque of African expedition chronicles.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Remarkable Dr. Traprock

DR. TRAPROCK'S MEMORY BOOK, or AGED IN THE WOOD. Compiled by GEORGE S. CHAPPELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BROOKS SHEPARD

TEN years ago Dr. Traprock was virtually and virtuously unknown, save to a small group of intimate and probably female friends. "Then came (we quote) 'The Cruise of the Kawa,' the Gobel Prize, and Traprock bounded into the literary limelight like a startled roebuck!"

Today, his able biographer shows, Dr. Traprock shares the shelves of fame with Livingstone, Stanley, Peary, and Du Chaillu, not to mention Stefansson and others of the explorer fraternity. His journeyings into the Pacific ("The Cruise of the Kawa"), the Polar Regions ("My Northern Exposure"), and the Desert ("Sarah of the Sahara"—an unexpurgated account of Lady Sarah Wimpole in heat and sand, especially heat) are too well known to need summary here. If he omitted the Temperate Zone it is only because the Doctor was impatient with temperance in all its forms, well known that truth lieth always between extremes and wishing to establish its boundaries. "Writing of Traprock (again we quote) in the *Bookman*, Hector MacQuarrie did not hesitate to say, 'I am more than ever convinced that truth is a point on a hypothetical circle upon which appear in succession plain unvarnished lying, romantic fiction, the drama, grand opera, musical comedy, travel books, and truth again. Making a mighty rush around the whole circle, plunging his way through the lot, Traprock has collapsed at the feet of truth!'"

Here is a sympathetic interpretation of the career and person of the great explorer and adventurer, who has been called the Columbo-Casanova of America; an interpretation which is sympathetic without losing objectivity, for there is no glossing over of what might be called weaknesses by weaker men; an interpretation so sympathetic that a school of thought has arisen which identifies Mr. Chappell with Dr. Traprock himself. This is sheer absurdity. It is true that the portraits reproduced in this painstaking work have a suggestion of artificiality, but this may be explained by the Doctor's self-consciousness in the presence of the camera. The Doctor has an explanation for everything. He would feel the same way about finger-prints. It is as absurd to suppose that Mr. Chappell could have written the Traprock trilogy as it is to attribute the works of Shakespeare to Bacon; and for the same reason; Dr. Traprock was too prolific, in the nicer sense. The whole Chappell movement, like the Bacon controversy, is a mere academic fad, the plaything of the self-styled intellectuals.

In this "Memory Book" the old explorer and naturalist is shown in the bosom of his family, or housekeeper, in his alleged ancestral home at Over-Derby, Conn., surrounded by friends and kegs, full of memories, gusto, and home-made liquor. He is in a mood to talk. To speak of his "declining years" is insult; for, as Abbie Cheeseborough, his housekeeper says, "He never declined anything in his life, and you know it, George Chappell." But they are mellow and reminiscent years, communicative years, and Mr. Chappell wisely allows the Doctor to say his mellow and unvarnished say. We learn of his obscure and doubtless illegitimate birth; of the early experimental loves which formed his character and his bent, and prepared him for the serious business of exploration; of his many, many years at Yale, forming hardy Yale friendships and learning to drink like a gentleman, or like a dozen gentlemen; of a medley and motley of experiences which he considered too trivial or too personal to include in his more scholarly writings. Mr. Chappell has accomplished with artistry a most difficult task. In this age of specialization we are prone, as Dr. Dewey says, to judge a man by his achievements within the narrow field that we call his "profession," and to ignore his exploits as a man among men (or among women)—what we might call his "*con*fession"—thus robbing his work of its significance as a human document and making it an abstract curiosity. Mr. Chappel avoids this trap. He faces facts—and, as the boys say, *how!* He makes Dr. Traprock live, move, breathe, and drink.

Both the Doctor and his biographer attach undue importance to the discovery of the Fatu-Liva Bird, which lays square eggs, in the miasmatic swamps of the Filbert Islands. This reviewer, a naturalist, has been familiar since early childhood with the northern representative of this species: the small but active Pot-Bellied Goatsnatcher, fairly common in the palmetto thickets of northern Ohio. Its eggs, too, are square.

But it is captious to criticize such trivia in a monumental work. The public had a right to know Traprock intimately, and if they don't know him now, it is because they cannot read, or have led sheltered lives. In this life of the great explorer (for if this isn't life, what is it) there is a lesson for us all, admirably epitomized (we forget where, it was so long ago) in a child's interpretation of a noble poem:

Liza grape men oftre mindus
We can make a Liza Blime,
Andy parting, Lee B Hindus
Footbrin Johnnie Sands a time!

The Priestess Off Guard

SUSAN SPRAY. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH'S new novel, "Susan Spray," is not so much a comedy of religious hypocrisy as a fine comic study of the childlike religious mind. It is a book full of merriment, sharp and of the earth in the England of the good days of good Victoria. In this novel Miss Kaye-Smith is an artist who sees life clearly as amusing and sad and fundamentally ironical.

The book adds to the store of the ancient laughter at the expense of the religious who are not exactly what they seem. The addition is excellent. But the book is something more than a new laugh at the priest or priestess caught in attitudes without dignity. Miss Kaye-Smith's concern is not only Susan Spray's hypocrisy but her life, and Susan Spray's life, all of it, is shaped by, and never goes beyond, the bright imagination, the animal hunger, the strutting pretensions of childhood. Her religious hypocrisy is a child's defense and a child's acting for applause, but her religious fear is deep-rooted in the reality of her child's imagination.

Miss Kaye-Smith is at her best in this novel when she writes of Susan as the actual child, rather than the childlike woman. It is not that there is fault in her handling of the woman but that there is real poetry in her writing of the child. In this fine first part of the book Susan Spray is the eldest infant of a large, bitterly poor family who go hungrily through the years before the repeal of the Corn Laws. They lose first their mother, a woman with a great mouth hungry for the scant food they have, and then, their father, ineffectual farm laborer who takes a little liquor at the inn. Susan, her life colored by a frightening, vivid religion out of the sterner sections of the Old Testament, leads the children, new children of Israel in a rural English desert, to triumphant and well-fed arrival at the poorhouse in Horsham. It is Jerusalem.

That childhood completed the pattern of Susan Spray. It shaped her into the woman who, but for one passionate lapse of giving herself, makes the world give her exactly what she wants. She is bitter and passionate, cruel and sweet. She is a vain, boastful woman who makes a tool even of the terrifying God of hellfire and damnation. But she is the good woman. She is always the handmaiden of God called to preach. The wanton is her sister, Tamar, who loves honestly and often, easily and directly. Even Tamar is subdued by the power of the Lord in Susan Spray.

All are subdued except one husband, the second of three. Only this flashy Clarabut withstood her. Clarabut was a gentleman and a clergyman's son unimpressed by even a Nonconformist God. Disappearing he serves at the novel's end a rather too melodramatic device in irony. Susan, about to enter the church her sanctimonious, rich husband has built for her, receives a letter from this scapegrace Clarabut announcing that he was not killed as she had thought. He will not trouble her. He wrote only because he enjoyed thinking of her as a bigamist back at her preaching. Susan Spray crushes the letter like the prophesied serpent under the prophesied heel. Then, dressed symbolically as a bride, she goes into her new church of Jehovah-Jirites.

A solid, earthy quality lies under Miss Kaye-Smith's sophisticated prose. She creates a rich, living picture of simple people at the middle of the last century. The farm laborers, men and women, the Colgate Brethren of the Surrey and Sussex border, the small tradesmen of Horsham and Brighton, the poorhouse women are all real beings upon a real earth. No less real is her picture of the new and shabby genteel St. James Square and the South London of prostitutes and thieves and poor Christians. All her comedy stands in reality. There is no effort after easy laughter. Miss Kaye-Smith creates an authentic world and her book is full of true laughter.

Under the Tent

CIRCUS NIGHTS AND CIRCUS DAYS. By A. H. KOBER. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by M. R. WERNER
Author of "Barnum"

THE circus, that most spectacular of all entertainments, seems to be the most difficult to write a first-rate book about. All books about the circus turn into anecdotes, and Dr. A. H. Kober, the German press agent for Sarrasani's Circus, admits in his book that he has only gathered material on different phases of circus life which seemed interesting to him. He has written a pleasant book, filled with amusing information, but he has not pinned the circus down on paper. Perhaps, that is impossible to do, just as it is impossible to write anything but anecdotes and chronologies about music and art.

Dr. Kober succeeds in giving us a feeling of the bohemian atmosphere of the strange people who refuse to remain in offices but prefer to dress themselves up in spangles or tights and exhibit themselves and their tricks with music and lights to those who have remained all day in offices, factories, and on farms. They work for very little money, most of them, and endure a difficult life of training and labor, and even most of the proprietors die penniless, according to Dr. Kober, but eternal movement, variety, and glamorous applause are their compensations.

The Czechs beat the Argentines with cudgels and have to be turned off with fire hoses. "Between the tigers' cages a groom is kissing a ballet girl!" A wild drunken Georgian has to be calmed with a bucket of cold water, and the Chinese quarrel with the Arabs. The little Japanese jugglers love to marry European wives and dress them up in fine clothes and jewels. Permission must be had from the police to pitch the tent, and taxes must be paid on gross receipts. The elephants sometimes get tantrums and bear grudges against their keepers, and one of them Herr Kober knew took to brandy and refused to work without it; they usually respond to kind words and can be kissed by blowing down their trunks. The lady who does the Magic Ball act faints inside the Magic Ball because of the heat of the crowded house and almost suffocates. The circus is full of excitement, confusion, trouble, jealousy, glamor, and love.

Dr. Kober points out the natural fact that circus folk in their love affairs are the same eccentrics as other people, it being merely their extraordinary occupations that adds the glamor which excites the imagination of the world. He tells some interesting cases, especially that of the strong woman who fell in love with a male member of the audience who responded to her request for someone to test the weights. He became part of the act, and she carried him around the ring on her hands; their son was a well-known boxer. One of the cowboys married a Paris mannequin, who stuck to her finery all day and became a cowgirl in the show at night. The circus, according to Dr. Kober, is free of Don Juans and vampires, and physical charms are appraised carefully for what they will mean in an act. But it is not free of gold diggers, and he tells of one equestrienne who kept a Paris jewelry shop as a sideline. She always took her admirers there, and the next day put their purchases back in stock.

The circus has a smell of its own, and the women's perfume is peculiarly compounded of "stable odors (very warm and soft they can be), some sweet-smelling Parisian scent, and the fresh, pungent odor of skins tanned by the sun that shines on Tenttown."

There are chapters on clowns, the purchase of animals, and circus owners in Dr. Kober's diverse, varied, and amusing book.

Pegasus Perplexing

Contestants are reminded that in order to have their entries considered in the Pegasus Perplexing contest they must mail their answers before midnight of September tenth.

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The Bowling Green

Notes on Bermuda

THE *TEMPEST* remains the best guide-book to Bermuda. How did it happen that Shakespeare, by hearsay only, so marvelously divined the feeling of the islands? Was it, as Kipling suggested long ago, his genius for listening, when one of Somers' crew who had been shipwrecked there strayed tipsy and talkative into the playhouse? Or was it just a reading of Jourdain's pamphlet about the 'Isle of Divels'? However it was, it proves once more that the great poets are the great intuitive reporters. *The Tempest* is more accurate than the steamship company folders. Still those haunted islands, whose bones are of corals made, have their Shakespearean feeling; it is strange to see, white and trim beside hyaline water, the magic cell once used by a modern Prospero, Mr. Eugene O'Neill.

Certainly I wished, going down in the *Veendam*, that Shakespeare might have been with us. He would have loved deck tennis; he would have been entertained by the group of Wisconsinettes who (as far as I could gather) were getting a free ride as victors in a popularity contest in their native shires. I was glad they were travelling on the wallet of some newspaper syndicate, for they had evidently spent a great deal on their clothes; like Ariel they were "loaden with glistering apparel"; like Ariel, also, they burst into song every now and then, a brisk anthem which repeated the word *Wisconsin* with sibilant enthusiasm. They were going, apparently, to be a tractive feature at a Night Club in Hamilton. I was amazed to learn that there is a Night Club in Bermuda. But the summer tourists to those islands are as quaintly assorted as were the passengers in Alonso's ship; they desire all sorts of things and find what they seek. How lucky it is, by the way, that the Bermudians, though in sympathy with Washington's appeal in 1775, did not join the Revolt. If they had, there would now have been none of those Planter's Punches on the terrace of Inverurie. Incidentally it was Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo who were the first to be described in the very modern phrase as "All wet." (Act IV, line 193.) Even nowadays there are occasional visitors who are overtaken with Trinculo trouble.

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Anyone who has seen the reefs that glimmer in tawny patches undersea as the ship skirts from St. George's down to Hamilton is not surprised that *The Tempest* begins with a shipwreck. Accurately did Marvell describe it as a "watery maze." Though I think that both Marvell and Waller, perhaps for propaganda purposes, somewhat exaggerated the edible fruitfulness of the islands. Even the cliffs, Waller said, were productive:

> Their barren tops with luscious food abound
> And with the eggs of various fowls are crowned.

One of the few grievances of Bermudians is that they are rarely visited by theatrical entertainment. But probably that second line of the couplet has frightened away actors. More pleasing, and more accurate to the dolce far niente feeling of the visitor, is Waller's ejaculation:

> Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
> Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
> With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
> Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!

"What a strange drowsiness possesses them," says Sebastian of the newly arrived visitors; and Antonio replies, "It is the quality o' the climate." It is indeed. From the first moment when you look from the ship's deck down upon the white helmets and horse-drawn surreys of Hamilton's water-front you are filled—at any rate in August—with godlike passivity. In a dream you see the dazzling white roofs, hibiscus hedges, blue and green waters, silver convolutions of cloud pillared up into the sky. Sunlight, in the meridian hours, lies with actual weight and pressure on the neck. You can feel it smite. It is marvellous to learn for the first time the strength and neighborhood of the sun. It is not just a distant miracle, dimmed by wreaths of haze, an axiom of astronomy. It is something alive and uncomputed; you can feel the burning gases of its surface. But it is not heat, in the New York sense, that you are aware of. That furious brilliance seems to travel through a different, purer medium, not mitigated by soft vapors. It carries the color of sky down into the clear water, illustrating it so that to the eye a fathom's depth looks like a yard. Standing in that full noon of sunshine you are enclosed in a dazzling prism of being. Yet the sunlight passes through the air without burdening it. In any post of exposure a breeze is always moving, streaming from the great rotary fan of the West Indies and the Gulf. A tiny warm shower passes over, scenting the shores with cedar. The whole string of islands smells then like a bridal chest. And that air itself must be full of First Cause: on bare limestone rock small vegetables can suck and spring. That sunlight defies anything to be dead. The cautious mind, shy of such candor, refuses to deal with anything serious. Within the pillar of fire it travels easy and serene. A detective story, or perhaps two or three picture post-cards, are the summit of its achievement.

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Of the subtleties of the isle, as Prospero said, the tread of horses' hoofs and the double tinkle of bicycle bells are easiest memorable: two sedative sounds that take anyone of forty back to boyhood at once. Still, as far as motors are concerned, Bermuda follows the advice of Gonzalo, the honest old counsellor who said, outlining his vision of an arcadia, "No kind of traffic would I admit." There are a few small trucks belonging to the Public Works Department, and it was curious to note, when one happened to meet one of them on a country road, how quickly the motor horn had become a sound monstrous and unnatural. They are the Calibans of the islands. To my surprise I learned that Bermuda has been secretly building itself a railway, but so far Prospero's magic has prevailed: no trains are running yet. It is an unobtrusive little railway and its cuttings and embankments are to be planted with flowers. It has aroused a good deal of sentimental protest, and a certain amount of pessimism among stockholders, but I think myself that it will be an addition to the island's resources. I hope they will be wise enough to put on trains of the English type, with compartment carriages and small brightly colored engines. These would be a novelty to many tourists. There also should be open observation cars, such as are used at the Harvard-Yale boat-race; and if they add any Pullmans their names should be *Prospero, Ariel,* and *Miranda.* But the ring of bicycle bells, like Caliban's twangling instruments, and their lamps flitting softly in the night, are a paramount souvenir. It was pleasant to think, as one pedalled along bending roads with glimpses of sea, that any one of those "odd angles of the isle" might have been where Ferdinand sat in grievance; and that certainly over some of those sharply scalloped rocks the actual mariners of Somers stumbled and swore. Perhaps Mr. Kipling was hasty in identifying one particular beach and cave—"a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton," he says—as the spot where Stephano came ashore on the butt of sack. There are many such possibles; it was most likely on the southern side, for if the ship had approached from northward she would probably have split on the outer reefs, too far an offing for her crew to reach land. My own choice is for that enchanting little sandy cove—I think it is called Gravelly Bay—where a road turns away from the south shore to go up to Harrington Sound. The Devil's Hole, famous for its queer submarine moanings, is only a few hundred yards away, and would account for the noises that frightened Caliban. The moon-calf also knew the salt-water rash and blisters that have bothered more than one summer visitor who, overtempted by water above 80° in temperature, has persisted in too continuous bathing.

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The most important visitor Bermuda ever had is still the one who never saw the islands. Their complete antithesis of every condition familiar to Englishmen at home not unnaturally gave the Elizabethan voyagers an impression of dangerous enchantment. Shakespeare's imagination was no less efficient in dealing with facts than with fancies. "I think he will carry this island home in his pocket," says Sebastian. It is exactly what Shakespeare did. "And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands"—which is what Englishmen were busy at for the following two centuries. It is curious to see how on this archipelago of fantasy they have impressed the image and superscription of England herself. It is a microcosm of the sea-empire. Young Bermudians, though their manners are somewhat Americanized, have the voices of English rectory-gardens. It is odd to see, among palms and oleanders, those little stone churches that might be in any Anglican village. The sunburned troops marching back to barracks have the word *Yorkshire* on their shoulder-straps. In Hamilton's excellent bookshop you will find few American imprints. In the admirably stocked little public library you will find one of its chief prides a newly acquired set of the great Oxford Dictionary. Bermuda keeps to the left hand side of the road and intends to stay there. She has no billboard advertising. She is not unappreciative of gratuitous favors, for she has named a wayside pub after Mr. Volstead; she is hospitable to all but not in the least overawed by her huge western neighbor. And perhaps the shrieks of delight with which the untutored tourist hails a life so different from his own is an unconscious comment on many things.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Cowboy Pool

(*To Edwin Arlington Robinson*)

"IT'S just like life!" you turned and said,
As down the baize the cue-ball fled
To pop into a mesh of green
After a run of seventeen!

"It's Life, you know!" you said again
When, clicking off some nine or ten,
And with a follow-shot laid dead
The yellow ball kissed-off the red.

And then you turned and smiled, "You see?"
A miscue pocketed the Three,
Squirmed down the cushion, nearly done,
And—made a billiard off the One!

Momus, your Momus, 'tis that reigns
For all our arts and all our pains,
Our perfect angles, brilliant draws,—
It can't be mathematic laws!

Yet who would forfeit any match
Though in the end we only scratch,—
Such arbitrary luck's about
Before one's string is quite run out!

And once you hung up such a run
It never since has been outdone;
So I shall make—albeit with sweat—
A good three-cushion carom yet.

Therefore let Nemesis MacDuff
Lay on; I shan't cry "Hold, enough!"
Beneath the lights reflectors shield
Green lies a fair and knightly field;

Who cares though sixty pockets yawn
Instead of six,—come, mow the lawn
With cue in rest and lust to win!
The cue-ball may not topple in!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"How Begot, How Nourished"

(*Continued from page* 97)

ductivity may be leisure and isolation, opportunity to brood from afar upon the relations and involvements of his kind. Poverty may goad one man to moving portrayal of society, riches act as the liberating agency of another's talent. Bitterness may serve as stimulus, or indignation, or joy, or resignation. Only one quality, we dare hazard, must be common to writers of whatever variation in temperament and circumstance, and that is sincerity. Out of the well of truth, whether that truth be beauty or the disillusionment which the betrayal of beauty entails, springs creative writing which itself is beauty. Out of a whole-hearted preoccupation with the fate of humankind comes that emotion which raises literature from beauty to nobility.

Just as a bit of curious information we print the following will of Mrs. Siddons: "She leaves £5,500 5 per cent. Bank Annuities to her faithful friend and companion, Miss Wilkinson, a daughter of the late Tait Wilkinson, Esq. The ink-stand made from a portion of the mulberry-tree planted by the immortal Shakespeare and the pair of gloves worn by the bard himself, which were given to her by the late Mrs. Garrick, she leaves to her daughter Cecilia and her son George. The will was made in 1815, when her brother, Mr. John Kemble, and her friend, Mr. Merrick, were appointed executors."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Russia's Five-Year Plan

THE LAST STAND. By EDMUND A. WALSH. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $3.

SOVIET FOREIGN TRADE, MENACE OR PROMISE? By J. S. BUDISH and SAMUEL S. SHIPMAN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

PIATILETKA — RUSSIA'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN. By MICHAEL FARBMAN. New York: New Republic, Inc. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by GARDNER HARDING

"I DO not share the view," says Father Walsh in the high-spirited introduction with which he begins this latest and most redoubtable of his statements on the Russian question, "that we can know nothing of the situation in Russia because of the contradictions vouched for by perfectly reputable observers and reporters of the changing scene. On the other hand, I contend that there are few events in modern times more abundantly documented than the Russian Revolution and the subsequent Bolshevik experiment."

That this sound opinion applies not only to the earlier stages of Bolshevism but even more conspicuously to the dramatic focus of all present-day thinking about Russia, the Five Year Plan, is perfectly evident to the reader who compares these accounts of the celebrated Plan. Whether the account be by a declared enemy, by members of the executive Red staff itself, or by one of the ablest of the "pink" critics, as these books quickly identify themselves to the reader, the structural facts about the Russian situation are not fundamentally in dispute. That the Piatiletka is progressing much more formidably than was anticipated outside of Russia must now be accepted as solid fact. That it will succeed is still doubtful. That it is causing intense suffering to many elements of the Russian people is likewise beyond controversy. But however one looks at it, this attempt to carry through in five years a transformation of the vast energy of Russia, never exerted for a common purpose before, in an industrial revolution that occupied fifty years in *laissez faire* England, is beyond a doubt the most momentous economic fact in the post-war world.

It means nothing to the average man to hear that the Soviet state planners propose to spend on the Five Year Plan the astronomical sum of more than forty-three billion dollars. But it means something to reflect, as Father Walsh bids you, that this is approximately one-ninth of the economic wealth accumulated in our own country, unique among all nations for its amazing growth, in a hundred and fifty years of progress as a nation. The sum the Soviet government proposes to expend on the Five Year Plan is equivalent to the present increment of German Reparations extended to ninety years of payments. Of course this will not and cannot be paid in money. It can only be paid in new goods and services produced in the new organization of Russian agriculture and industry. And the extraordinary irony of the situation is that this amazing endeavor is being carried on while all the rest of the world, following an era of reckless and unregulated overproduction, is carrying on its trade at anywhere from fifteen to forty per cent below the volume of two years ago, and while the exports of the United States most notably, accentuated by falling prices, amount to but half the value of what they did at this time in 1929.

Nothing could show more graphically the remarkable gulf of separation which has sprung up under the Soviet experiment between Russia and all the other nations of the world. Nor is it to be construed from this that the effect of the Five Year Plan will have a ruinous effect on the capitalist nations. Russia is a world in itself, and the purpose of the Five Year plan is to satisfy the needs of a population of 150,000,000 people, who are gaining ten millions every three years, or an amount of increase one-third greater than that of the whole of the rest of Europe with its 370,000,000 population, according to Mr. Farbman. This vast market, according to both Mr. Farbman and Messrs. Budish and Shipman, will be a gain to the world's trade even if the Plan fully succeeds, if for nothing else than that the expanded standards of living of a tenth of the world's population must increase the trade of the world in those articles—and they will always be very substantial in number and importance—which Russia cannot possibly produce for herself.

The term of the Five Year Plan has more than half expired, and the evidence presented in these three books agrees that in agriculture and in what the Russians call heavy industry—iron, steel, coal, electrical production and other basic elements in producers' goods — it has maintained the high scale set for its achievement in this time.

The big drive, however, has been made on agriculture, the basic requirement of the Russian people for many years to come. And here Mr. Farbman's interesting account reads like a veracious diary of the different stages of this monstrous effort. He is confident from what he has seen that the Russian peasant will work with and not against the mechanizing process. And with the torrent of youthful energy poured into this effort, such a farm as the "Gigant" state-operated farm, fifty miles in extent from north to south and forty miles from east to west, run by a labor and technical force of whom 95 per cent are under thirty years old, producing 17 bushels per acre at a cost of about 50 cents a bushel, entirely operated by machine equipment, is a characteristic sample of the "regimentation of emotion" with which the Plan is being carried on and of the physical achievement which a nation-wide pressure has exacted from it.

Under any change in government the industrialization of Russia was inevitable. The effort of the Plan to make Russia the third largest user of electric current in the world, however, is an example of the grandiose and staggering changes which enter into the intensified, almost, one would say, the megalomaniac conception which drives the Russian people on to take their place in the sun—not in twenty-five years, but now, in this generation, in this decade. One does not feel, in Mr. Farbman's thoughtful pages, or in the detailed and scientfic survey of the Amtorg economists, that one fully grasps the human sacrifice that this vast effort necessarily entails. The "give and take" policy of Stalin, which won over the Seredniaks, the peasant proprietors next in importance to the Kulaks, is indeed an excellent piece of economic history and is the best assurance the present reviewer has seen of the existence of rights and privileges of the Russian people which the Soviet authorities have been forced to acknowledge. The result to them has been the acceptance by the mass of the Russian people of the principle of collective farming, now in force in 60 per cent of the territory of agricultural Russia. But the acceptance has not been a servile acquiescence, nor is there anything like equality of treatment of all the human brothers under this "egalitarian" arrangement of the farmyard, now as impersonalized from personal proprietorship as the dockyard or the brickyard. If you drive a tractor or labor as an "agronomist," a chief bookkeeper or a chairman of a collective society, you get twice the pay for the same hours of work than if you just carted manure, looked after cows or pigs, or drove a horse and wagon. There are three other grades in between, including ascending ratings through such occupations as planting and weeding, ploughing, storehouse management, sowing, threshing, cobbling, blacksmithing, and carpentering. But the "manager" gets but twice the pay of the humble manure carter, and that is the essence of the Soviet experiment, although it must always be remembered that prices for those not possessing Soviet cards in good standing are something like ten times as great as those for the faithful. That is why some people say that the Soviet ruble is at par, while others, reckoning what it will buy for the less favored, say it is only worth between six and seven cents instead of fifty.

No grimmer testimony to the elemental power of the Soviet creed has been written than Father Walsh's introductory chapters, nor has this author himself ever penned more effective controversial writing. Unfortunately, toward the middle of the book a much less thoughtful appeal *ad hominem* mars his early effect. His book was clearly written in too much haste, and, though one is moved greatly by it, under the stress of too apparent an emotion. The greatest effects Father Walsh makes are those in which the story itself revolts the reader, such as the cold-blooded story of the extermination of the Kulaks, or the deadly parallel of the figures of the old Siberian exile system collected by George Kennan with the much broader stream which treads that same bloody frozen path today. The tale of the lumber camps is fully told, also, when Father Walsh finishes with it—one can only palliate this record with the reflection that no people in the world are more cruel to their own, whether white or red, Czarist or Soviet, Tartar or European, peasant or townsman or noble, it makes no difference, than these same Russians who are otherwise capable of so much enduring generosity in mind and will, and whose far-set limits of the potential greatness of their race are in so many startling ways akin to our own.

Dorothy Osborne's Lover

THE EARLY ESSAYS AND ROMANCES OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. With the Life and Character of Sir William Temple by his sister Lady Giffard. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THIS is a companion volume to Professor Moore Smith's definitive edition of Dorothy Osborne's letters to Temple, published two years ago. Admirers of that spirited and charming young lady were already indebted to Professor Moore Smith for the first accurate text and the best arrangement of her letters. Temple's replies have been lost; but his youthful essays and "romances," the latter certainly composed for Dorothy's entertainment, furnish the best available substitute, and convey a very distinct impression of the young man who, in spite of strong family opposition, won and kept her love. The present volume thus offers much to interest Dorothy's many readers; and it is of especial interest to scholars because it includes new material, not only for the study of Temple, but for the history of the essay and of prose fiction.

The "romances" have never before been printed at all; the essays have been available only in part, in an appendix to Courtenay's "Life of Temple" (1836), where they are printed rather inaccurately. Lady Giffard's intimate "Life and Character" of her brother, printed in a somewhat abridged and garbled form in 1728, and reprinted in various editions of his works, have never before been published in full. Mr. Moore Smith has included also two interesting poems by Temple, from the unique British Museum copy of a privately printed volume of his verse,—an elegy on the death of Mrs. Katherine Phillips, a famous poetess of the day, and another on his sister's pet lory. Whether the "matchless Orinda" would be pleased to be celebrated along with the parrot is a pleasant subject for conjecture.

The "romances," written between 1648 and 1650, are adaptations of stories from Rosset's "Histoires Tragiques"; they are told with gusto and are decidedly readable. The most interesting is a tragi-comic tale of bourgeois life, at times both realistic and humorous. The essays, written in 1652, are much more important. They show everywhere the influence of Montaigne, and are certainly among the earliest genuine familiar essays written in English. They are intimately personal and give us a record of the young traveler's thoughts, moods, and whims, as well as various glimpses of his life. We see him at one time, for instance, waiting impatiently for a letter from his lady, at another going to see the Archduke Leopold at Brussels and much disappointed at his commonplace appearance. The essays reflect a temper ardent and modest, a young mind eager, curious, interested in history, in moral and philosophical questions, above all in its own restless play,—a personality which might well have gained the love of Dorothy Osborne.

Professor Moore Smith's introduction and notes supply in compact form a good deal of new information about Temple. The book is a model of sound and discriminating editorial work.

The Pioneer from Norway

NORWEGIAN MIGRATION TO AMERICA 1825-1860. By THEODORE C. BLEGEN. Northfield, Minnesota: The Norwegian-American Historical Association. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by OSCAR J. FALNES

THE immigrant pioneer who helped to settle the broad expanses of the Middle West reached our shores still a European. He was, it is true, in the very act of his coming, breaking from a centuries' old tradition; but not all the bonds broke at once, and some were tenacious enough to hold for a time in the new frontier society, whose texture he helped to weave in common with the indigenous Yankee. The immigrant's contribution has lately been the subject of specialized interest; for example, the Norwegian-American Historical Association, sponsor of this volume, has concentrated its attention upon the pioneer settler from Norway, doing much to make clear his retention of part of the European tradition and his adjustment to the frontier environment. Now Professor Blegen essays a well rounded discussion of the Norwegian stream of migration, choosing to see it from an interhemispherical point of view. Since it involved both emigration and immigration, he is as much interested in tracing the effect on Norway as on America.

His scholarship rests on a broad base. Special studies of the last decade, many of them by the author, have uncovered much material in Norwegian pioneer diaries, letters, and travel accounts. From these he has traced the covered-wagon lineages, and woven the fabric, of Norwegian settlements in the pre-Civil War period. On the European side he has disclosed a wealth of fresh material in the so-called "America letters," communications from the frontier settlements to the folks back home. Some praised the life here, others condemned the whole movement, but all helped to promote among the common people of Norway "a new discovery of America." In the Norwegian archives the author has been able to learn in part how the movement was viewed by Norwegian officialdom. That he might get a satisfying estimate of the size of the movement he has liberally consulted census figures and immigration statistics on both sides of the Atlantic.

The general reader will find interesting chapters on the remote reverberations in Norway of the California gold rush, or the abortive attempt by Ole Bull, the violinist, to found a large Norwegian colony in Pennsylvania. "Emigrant Songs and Poems" treats of a literary *genre* whose foremost value is historical. Yet many of the verses throb with individual emotion, some in anticipation of Eldorado in the new world, others in plaintive and broken notes of farewell. In these one hears, now and then, how the ties of attachment and tradition were snapping.

The author refuses to rank in importance the causes of this vast movement as first, second, third, etc., holding this procedure to be too mechanical. A migration, he insists, rests on thousands of individual decisions. Certain predisposing causes there were to operate cumulatively, and among these he ranks high the economic, and for the early period, also the religious. But in every instance there was an individual decision, touched off by specific considerations.

Professor Blegen's study has about it an air of the definitive. Its pages bear the stamp of care and thoroughness. A minor slip, very easily made, is to speak of the "University of Christiania" for the Royal Fredric University. The book is handsomely done typographically. In facsimile are reproduced the title pages of nearly a dozen books in Norwegian on America, and a very clarifying map shows the relationships between the early Norwegian settlements. There is also an index, while a comprehensive bibliography is promised in a second volume planned to carry the story from the Civil War to 1924. Readers of this book will wait with some impatience for its successor.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Child Psychology

THE FIRST YEAR OF LIFE. By CHARLOTTE BUEHLER. Translated by PEARL GREENBERG and ROWENA RIPIN. New York: The John Day Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDITH M. SPRAGUE

STUDENTS of child psychology will welcome Mrs. Buehler's book as suggesting not only methods of collecting data, but interpretations of them. The book is composed of two studies, one observational, the other a test series, both previously published in German periodicals by Mrs. Buehler and three of her associates. They differ from most American studies in the emphasis they place upon certain philosophical assumptions and the lack of statistical procedure in estimating the reliability of the observations and of the tests. The excellent generalizations are based on rather inadequate data.

Charlotte and Karl Buehler of the Psychological Institute in Vienna can be placed with the late Bird T. Baldwin of the University of Iowa and Arnold Gesell of the Yale Psycho-clinic as the four outstanding authorities on the abilities of very young children. The work of Gesell is known to all American students of child psychology rather better than it is to Mrs. Buehler, although she makes occasional reference to his researches. She does not mention Baldwin, who was a pioneer worker in the field.

In the first study Mrs. Buehler limits the field to the study of children of one year of age or less. Sixty-nine children in all were observed, half of them boys and half girls, sixty percent of them institution children. These were arranged in thirteen groups each containing not less than four or more than seven, selected to be within one week of birth, one month of age, two months of age, etc., up to twelve months. She asserts that they represent "a very varied social milieu," but refrains from the American custom of presenting the data on which she bases that judgment. She has tables and charts to show that they did not vary from the average in physical condition, the criterion being weight.

The method of observing the children appears to be adapted from that used by John B. Watson and Mrs. Blanton some fifteen years ago, with the conditions under which the observations were made carefully standardized. The child under observation was watched for a period of twenty-four hours by observers who relieved each other at eight hour intervals. As she analyses the records, Mrs. Buehler quotes passages from them, and from these the reader can judge of the painstaking detail with which the records were made. The passages are, however, from single records; it could be desired that when Mrs. Buehler generalizes, as she invariably does, she would do more than illustrate the generalization with one concrete example.

The cue for classifying the reactions Mrs. Buehler takes from Bechterew, a Russian who is best known to us for his work on the conditioned response in children. Bechterew's classification is objective; Mrs. Buehler modifies it by adding the consideration of motive, and so introducing a subjective element which stimulates the imagination but is questionable from a scientific standpoint. The classifications most to be questioned are the "positively" and "negatively directed reactions." It is possible, however, for her to remain objective in describing the developmental progress from one age level to another, as she does in tracing the response to "acoustical" and optical stimuli from no response or a mere turning of the head toward the sound or light in the first two or three months to later positive movements toward the source of the stimulus.

In the field of controversy Mrs. Buehler would be more convincing if her knowledge of the theories she attacks were more complete. One is rather startled to find Watson's statement that fear is one of the primary emotions challenged on the ground that "he produced no fear reactions when he showed the child an animal." Mrs. Buehler's quarrel with Watson is merely a matter of terminology. What she calls "fear psychically founded" he calls conditioned fear. Few of his readers gather that he considers conditioned fear reactions primary. Later, "There are two examples of twenty-four-hour-long observations presented in Gesell's Mental Growth of the Pre-School Child!—But his groups have been established in an uncontrolled method and they lack relation to one another." This careless work of Gesell's is so integral a part of his research as to consume three pages of a four-hundred-fifty page book.

These superficialities might be excused on the ground that the studies so inadequately quoted are written in the English language. Perplexity increases, however, when a passage attacking Koffka's interpretation of a child's reaction to a lighted spot on a "relatively even ground" is found to quote Koffka as saying what no part of his "Growth of the Mind," even allowing for liberties of translation, could be construed to mean. There are in Koffka's pages numerous references to the work of Karl Buehler, with whom he frequently takes issue. The reader is left with the impression that Mrs. Buehler has attempted rather lamely to enter the battle of the Gestalt psychologists with their opponents.

The second part of the book consists of a series of carefully standardized baby tests. They are not as thorough as those of Gesell, but they are arranged to be more easily used by other workers. The introduction to these tests contains a very pertinent criticism of the usual type of intelligence test (after Binet), maintaining that while tasks whose goal is defined can distinguish the subnormal from the normal, tests to distinguish the supernormal should challenge abilities beyond mere facility of learning. "As if the very essence of a productive mind were not to create independently and uninfluenced by prescribed assignments and goals!" (The language is the translators'.)

In this introduction are instances of the same deplorable inaccuracy in referring to the work of others. Mrs. Buehler enumerates "the excellent Stanford Binet tests as well as clever tests devised by such men as Thorndike, *Terman,* and Yerkes—." The italics are ours. The reader will scarcely need it explained that the Stanford revision of the Binet tests *is* Terman's. Once more: "Heretofore, the youngest children to be included in any test series have been three-year-olds." These tests and presumably this introduction to them were published in 1928. In 1922 Kuhlman of the University of Minnesota published "A Handbook of Mental Tests" which contain standardized tests for age levels of three, six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months, in which the number of children used in standardizing the tests ranged from twenty in the youngest to ninety-eight in the eighteen months group.

Mrs. Buehler's method of estimating reliability is naive in comparison with the detailed statistical method of the American psychometrician. She uses the term to include both agreement between results of successive applications of the same test and an element which our test psychologists term validity. Reliability in our narrower sense is disposed of as follows: "In the case of twenty-five children who were tested for a second time after a period of from four to twelve months, the result of the first examination agreed with the result of the second with the exception of two cases." Whereupon five cases are given as illustrations.

Mrs. Buehler tells nothing of the methods of standardizing the tests, and does not give the number of children used in the standardization. Many of the tests which her scales and Gesell's have in common she places at a different level, usually lower than that in which he places it, but without comment.

The book is valuable in that its observations are more numerous and more systematically distributed over the age range than in any other published research. Some of our workers would have presented figures indicating the reliability of the observers. That is, they would have estimated the correspondence between records made by different observers of the same situation, probably expressing the relation as a coefficient of correlation. The tests are more complete and usable than anything published for children so young.

The book contains a bibliography of some fifty titles, most of them in German, but no index.

Crime and Criminals

FORTY YEARS OF SCOTLAND YARD. By FREDERICK PORTER WENSLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by HAMILTON JEWETT SMITH

A BOOK about Scotland Yard by Frederick Wensley, who spent forty years in criminal investigation, and who rose from the ranks of the Metropolitan Police to be the first chief constable of the C. I. D., cannot fail to attract interested attention. It holds out to many the hope that at last the truth about "the Yard" is available. But "Forty Years of Scotland Yard" fulfils only a part of this hope.

There are two reasons. The more important is that many facts about such a confidential subject can never be told. The second lies in the personality of the author, whose sensitiveness prevents him from including all cases which might offend even the least prudish. Omitting such crimes, with the investigation of their motives, which constitute so large a proportion of criminal offense, gives an incomplete and not wholly frank picture.

Neither does Mr. Wensley concern himself with the complexities of human nature which account for the criminal characters he describes. Many of these are psychopathic individuals (but not so labelled). Taking into account the etiology of such cases would go a long way toward realizing the justice of legal decision which the author sets up as an ideal. That the usefulness of such knowledge is the province of the criminal investigator, as well as of the doctor of medicine, has been amply proved in this country by the work of Chief of Police August Vollmer, of Berkeley, California.

The reader will not, however, be disappointed in Mr. Wensley's explanation of the technique of police methods. He speaks with the highest authority and makes suggestions which are of value, even to the professional detective, on his own tricks in shadowing ("tailing"), in cross-questioning, on the use of fingerprints, on the practicality of the Sherlock Holmes kind of deduction, and on the special services and qualifications of his "Flying Squad." Enthusiasts for mystery stories have in these discussions an authoritative check of the procedure of C. I. D. sleuths of current fiction.

In "Forty Years of Scotland Yard" Mr. Wensley reaches three conclusions of general importance and social significance. Coming from a man of his experience and unquestioned renown, they should not be lightly disregarded. They are his disbelief in capital punishment, his conviction that the short-term punishments are effective in curtailing crime, and his absolute refusal to practise third-degree methods, commonly used by our own police.

On one occasion at least he reveals a sense of humor. Upon retiring from active service he received among many letters of congratulation one from a former criminal. It reads:

"I feel that I must join with all the other criminals and old logs in sincerely wishing you years of happiness and complete rest."

He did not fail to catch the ambiguity of the last two words.

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SOME RECENT FICTION

A Violent Blast

DUKE HERRING. By MAXWELL BODENHEIM. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book is remarkable as being a violent loss of temper sustained through two hundred and forty-two pages. It is a full-length portrait of a writer of expensive pornography, to whom his creator denies the least trace of redeeming humanity. One may as well quote from the jacket:

> Duke Herring's religion is a constant effort to disembowel other people while he shields his own skin with every variety of posturing, insolence, condescension, and falsehood. Rejected by almost all women, he concocts a fable in which they are slaves whom he disdains to patronize.

Such a creature simply defeats satire; he could be sketched on a thumbnail, at most, and once he is sketched, there is nothing more for the author to say about him. The result of saying the same things about him over and over to the length of a novel is only to make the reader feel that perhaps the creator does not regard the creature as so merely contemptible as he would have us think.

One cannot help guessing that the reason that Mr. Bodenheim spends so much time and energy flogging a dead horse is that he is actuated by personal animosity. It is only a guess, but there are various indications that seem to identify Herring with a living writer, and certainly no one could describe an actual person in such terms unless he was furiously angry with him.

This fury gives the book its only praiseworthy quality, an abundant vigor. The ability to remain violently angry for so long a stretch is remarkable, and if the anger were a little more controlled, something might have been made even of unpromising material, as the insulted Summoner in Chaucer makes a masterpiece of hate out of a dull anti-clerical fabliau. Unfortunately Mr. Bodenheim has as little of the virtue of restraint in his manner as in his matter. His choice of words was always unusual rather than careful, and in this book his style is blown to pieces in the magnitude of his explosions. There are phrases like "a pinnacle of basilic glee" and "otherwise he would take on a basilisk smallness," at which one cannot help wondering whether Mr. Bodenheim does not choose his words purely by ear; and the style as a whole is so cacophonous and pretentious as to be almost unreadable. For a fair sample:

> Mr. Herring was inviolable to people who tried to match his verbal sarabands and salmagundis, and to those whose repartee was macaronic, or belatedly stumbling. On the other hand, undressed sallies into the midst of his wordy arabesques had the ability to disconcert him.

After all, Mr. Bodenheim must have had a great deal of pleasure out of this book; he must not complain if nobody else does.

A Love Idyll

WORLD WITHOUT END. By HELEN THOMAS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.50.

FOUR years ago there appeared this author's book "As It Was," her own love story, beginning with her first meeting with her husband, a young English poet who was afterward killed at Gallipoli, and ending with the birth of her first child. "As It Was" is reprinted in the present book, which takes up the story of their married life, going on to his last leave, and the parting that was to be absolute.

"As It Was" is an integral part of "World without End," and the more valuable part. It is an exquisite and unique piece of work. With the utmost frankness and tranquillity it relates the progress of a happy love, its consummation upon Wandsworth Common, and an idyllic country honeymoon, during all of which the lovers defer marriage, like the lords of the earth that they are, until it shall be convenient for them. They are as straightforward as Romeo and Juliet, yet almost as shy and childlike as Daphnis and Chloe; the course of their love goes forward as slowly, as delicately, and as irresistibly as the sweet unfolding of the northern spring in England or New England. All this is told with an honesty that defies convention as little as it obeys it, and a candor that recalls the Latin meaning of the word "shining whiteness."

The second, or new, part of the book is in every sense less happy. Life cannot be all honeymoon, even for people who are loving, courageous, and sensible; and it is likely to be especially hard for those who are poets and poor. But if it were only circumstance that caused the trouble in the latter part, we might still feel the same intimate sympathy with the writer's unhappiness that we felt for her happiness, and the book might preserve its singular value as an intimate revelation. But we are no longer admitted to complete intimacy; we are told either too much or too little. We are told enough to make it clear that "David," the poet, was sometimes extremely difficult, but we are not told fully of the difficulties. The value of "As It Was" was its perfect candor; in "World without End" we feel that the author, from the highest motives, is not being perfectly candid with herself. She shirks avowing to herself how much she blames her husband; but if she wishes to shield him, she tells too much. "World without End" is a sad record of poverty, half-concealed quarrels, and happily remembered reconciliations, disappointments, and fresh hopes. As a human document, it lacks clarity and perspective; as a work of art, it falls from the plane of the idyll, without attaining the depth of tragedy; it remains simply anticlimax.

Nevertheless, "As It Was" keeps its charm; it is only to the readers who already know that book that this volume will be a disappointment; to those who do not, it should be a discovery and a delight.

Lord of Finance

SHOE THE WILD MARE. By GENE FOWLER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

AFTER a somewhat lugubrious and conventional beginning Mr. Fowler's book gets into its stride with a description of the rise and apogee of the millionaire financier, Adam Brook, otherwise known as "The Little Napoleon of Pine Street." While this character is not perhaps the first nor the last word in fictionized American magnates, he is nevertheless better done than usual, and with a saving touch of humor too often omitted in such portraits. Less impressive than Mr. Dreiser's predatory monsters of finance, he is more true to life in his excessive vanity, conceit, and snobbishness. The best thing in Mr. Fowler's admirable book, in fact, is the most ridiculous episode of all—the adventures of Adam Brook as an M.F.H. This is caricature, to be sure, but performed with diabolical skill and remarkably successful comic effects. Can such things be? Alas, as any resident of Long Island who has seen the local country gentry attempting to combine business with pleasure can testify, such things *are*.

Less successful is Mr. Fowler's effort to provide his book with a thesis. The fact that middle-aged millionaires do occasionally marry beautiful young wives with whom they are unhappy may be true enough, but in this case both the parties to the marriage are so distinctly abnormal sexually that Adam Brook's failure to conquer his wife's affection is not to be wondered at. Instead, one can only wonder at his despair, and his blindness in failing to perceive the ample opportunities at hand for finding a Patient Griselda of the sort he really wanted to share his millions.

After a long digression into the fate of the wife and her prizefighter lover the author returns to Adam Brook at the end of his career. While this digression contains some of the best writing in the book, it materially detracts from the effect of the whole by taking the reader's attention and sympathies away from the central character. The end is logical but something of an anticlimax after the highly emotional death scene which precedes it.

The matter of "Shoe the Wild Mare" is varied, but it is nearly always original and interesting. Mr. Fowler's writing has humor, force, and a clear descriptive power, backed up by a supreme knowledge of American life at the present time. He is also crude, sometimes to the verge of unbearable vulgarity, but in this case the subject is suitably illuminated by these spotlights of glaring and uncomfortable truth, while such methods are well in tune with today's fashions.

The War Mind

HIGHER COMMAND. By EDLEF KOEPPEN. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.50.

IT is growing difficult to appraise the war books that have poured from the presses in an apparently inexhaustible flood since "All Quiet on the Western Front" fished the murex up. They bring the same overwhelming evidence against the war; they experience a common difficulty in managing the vast forces with which they have to deal, like the difficulty a painter would find in painting an earthquake; and after one has read three or four, they run together in the memory, with not much to choose among them. So far as its narrative is concerned, "Higher Command" runs close to the type. Its hero is called up at the beginning of the war, he experiences the inevitable sufferings of mind and body, but continues to serve admirably, rising steadily in rank, until almost the end of the hostilities; then he suddenly refuses to shoulder his new responsibilities of commanding other men to kill and be killed, and his refusal is charitably diagnosed as shell-shock.

The chief distinction of "Higher Command" is that it is interspersed throughout with scrap-book clippings from official proclamations and orders, news items and letters to editors, advertisements, and all sorts of documents, each with its source given. These illustrate the mind of the time, especially the civilian mind, and the picture they make is a truly appalling one. It is made up of hysteria and sexual excitement, extravagance and profiteering, the hate, so much more poisonous in the cities than in the trenches, the deeply blasphemous sermons and religious appeals, of every sort of evil passion, and every sort of noble emotion in slavery to the baser. Such a collection of documentary proof of the effect of war on the mind, of the way one's own mind may be expected to go mad if there is another war, is obviously of the highest value as a corrective. The book ought to be widely read, and one's only regret about this part of it is that there is not more of it.

It is to be hoped that the fact that this material is included in a novel will gain it more readers than it would otherwise have; if it were not for this consideration, the scrap-book might better have stood alone. Unfortunately, readers who would be attracted to the book because it is a story are apt to be put off by the translation, which in the narrative part is deplorably wooden; the private soldiers talk either in a stilted and bookish rhetoric, or in a conscientious colloquialism that is even more stilted and bookish. Thus one of them says

> "They'll dot you one on the snout if you don't draw in your nob again. . . . Not so loud, you young fool. Do you fancy that the chaps over yonder have no ears?"

A Merchant of Cathay

THE BOOKS OF THE EMPEROR WU TI. By WALTER MECKAUER. New York. Minton, Balch & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ELEANOR VAN ALEN

A SLIGHT novel—oriental fantasy of the purest dye—this is the story of Shu Yee, affluent merchant of Nanking, who, desiring spiritual perfection after material success, seeks the books of the scholar-emperor Wu Ti. He traces them even to the distant grave of another sage, that he may obtain the key of all knowledge. In traditional "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon" manner, follow the adventures on his journey to Poyang lake to dedicate a shrine for long life, to the woman who had sixty-seven grandchildren. Oriental metaphors and the embroidered ways of Chinese phrasing overburden the narrative style, though they often produce good effects. Funny incongruities replace humor and enliven descriptions of characters and scenes. Bits of solid Confucian philosophy mingled with amazingly intricate fancy, suggest lightly the fascinating depths of the Chinese mind and imagination. The complicated ritual of hospitality, all the other elaborate customs depicted, peculiarly convey China.

The characters are melodramatic types. There is Ta Yu, the deformed magician, who saves them all from evil spirits, and Pan Chi Fu, the sage whose daughter the merchant marries. It is Lu Tsun's wise saying which wins the emperor's favor for his father, humble Shu Yee, till later he brings disgrace on his own house. Bitterly does the old man resent his daughter's betrayal by a low-caste, on the eve of her betrothal. Savagely she celebrates mock marriage with the corpse of her lover, burning herself alive in a forest hut.

There is a good deal in the tale of the barbaric pageantry of Puccini's legend opera of China, "Turandot." Platitudes abound, and some of the usual discussion about civilization, the old and new, the East *vs.* West, creeps in. On the whole, the book is remarkably oriental in spirit to have come from the pen of an Occidental, a German at that.

A Quandary . . .

L. A. G. STRONG

So much has been said in praise of L. A. G. STRONG since the publication of his two most recent books, THE GARDEN and THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, that it is difficult to know just what to quote for you as an introduction to him, but it is a pleasant quandary. For instance, *The Bookman* said in a recent article on Mr. Strong, "No figure among the post-war generation of poets and novelists shows greater promise of sustained literary achievement. . . . He writes with the sincerity and courage which mark the true artist." And about THE GARDEN ($2.50) which is a delightful novel of Dublin before the war, a book with grand dialogue and even better humor, Percy Hutchison said in *The New York Times*, "A very rare book indeed." And then there is one more remark which really should not be neglected—Laurence Stallings in the New York *Sun* said of the stories and vignettes which make up THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN ($2.50), ". . . . clouds no larger than a man's hand—but somewhere behind the field there must be gathering the tempest of a great writer." But, of course, the best possible introduction is for you to read one of Mr. Strong's books and form an opinion of your own.

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Points of View

A Librarian Muses

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The Bodleian library, Oxford, has been making me and the West feel extremely young and insignificant. Its staff manual for 1931 is a four-by-five-inch booklet in discreet dark blue paper covers; no one glancing casually at its soberness would ever imagine the disturbing quality of its ninety-five pages of microscopic print.

My library, perched on the ragged western edge of California, has always seemed to me an august institution, to be venerated as "old"—and now I find it, in spite of its fifty years or so, positively adolescent, all elbows and unexpectedness. We, for instance, have no "invigilators." I don't even know whether that word is quite proper in the mouths of ladies. Yet it must be a highly respectable word, for page nine of the Manual announces that on January 12 "Invigilators for the Law and Maitland libraries to be detailed." And do we sanctify Friday, January 30, with the single line "Banking-book to be fetched"? In a horrified whisper, I confide to you alone that we have not yet achieved the dignity of a banking-book, and, if we ever do, it will probably be an unpleasantly efficient loose-leaf kind that will never, with pomp and circumstance, have to be "fetched" from anywhere.

Nor, I am afraid, shall we ever arrive at such a foreordained stateliness of routine as the Bodleian follows. Just as we get around to it, someone will tear us up by the roots, in good American fashion, and reorganize us, as someone is demolishing our rather wistful old vine-covered buildings of the 90's so as to "modernize" our campus with insolent staring rectangles of white stone. We shall never achieve a "Calendar—monthly, weekly, daily," with the second of March dedicated thus: "Fire-buckets to be refilled. Placards 'In case of fire' to be revised." (And—pleasant mystery!—what significant rearrangement of syllables is found after revision?)

As for March 3rd, it is awe-inspiring. On that day are "Orders to be sent:—

1. For taking away and cleaning mats.
2. For cleaning windows of H and both Bodley staircases.
3. For cleaning windows of Camera basement, reading room, and dome.
4. For cleaning gutters on roof of Bodley.

Perhaps, though, the climax isn't reached until March 30, when "The H closed for cleaning until April 4."

Bodley would be appalled at our casual, routinous cleaning. Not for an instant could we close anything for mere varnishing of corridors, painting of walls, or scrubbing of windows. On the contrary, we sidle along a narrow, as-yet-unvarnished lane, or store up countless years of bad luck as we stagger, loaded with books, beneath ladders and workmen and buckets of paint; or, as happened to-day, a cheery janitor, poised bird-like on a window-ledge far above, shouts into the sacred quiet of the graduate reading room, "Look out there, lady!" as a moist and nimble sponge eludes him and hurtles dripping downward. There is a certain éclat achieved by closing.

All evidently cannot be accomplished with thoroughness in five days, for on April 4 a grand general order of "Matting to be swept" stands by itself. One visions miles of matting, with industrious janitors being carried by their ceaseless brooms on into a tiny perspective at dusk.

May seems to start with processions, not, as with us, of garlands and May queens and gambolings on the green, but of most solemn import. Not for Curators, Regular Staff, Senior Assistants, Junior Assistants, and Boys, a gay casting off of winter dulness. No—rather an additional gloom and sobriety of demeanor, as befits their falling into line and, with measured pace and slow, conducting the "Annual inspection of furnace-vaults." Surely, when that is finished, they kick up their heels and frisk? Though even the Boys may feel more surpliced than most, when they consider that prizes are "awarded every December for good conduct, industry, and intelligence during the past year." What with educational tests and measurements, the Curators should be informed of how vain is the offering of a reward for intelligence.

On May 23rd is a mystery. "Perlustration." Just that. No more. When will an American library, even if university, come to such stature? (I dare not use the dictionary, lest the nimbus of that word be heartlessly torn away. It is too tinct with awe to be indelicately shorn.)

And then—the first indication of a rise in temperature, indicative of youth and life beneath the grave demeanor of age. On May 28, "All windows and ventilators to be closed at night. 'Eights' celebrations to be watched for." As in the approved gangster picture, we see vigilant janitors, or even perhaps special watchmen, crouched at points of vantage within the gates, ready to pounce retributively on too-exuberant celebrants. How stale and unprofitable to watch all night in vain!

On July 2nd, "Dusting begins." Has there been, then, no dusting until now? Our housewifely soul shudders. We are superior at this point; some janitor or other flaps an indolent oily cloth around our precints almost every day. True, if one too carpingly stoops to look at surfaces against the light, he (but usually "she") observes large areas of pristine dust. Yet a janitor was there with his cloth; we saw him. Can it be that English singlemindedness is more effective?

September sees the matting again thrusting up its unruly head. On the 7th, "Order to be sent for taking up, beating, and relaying Bodley matting." Would linoleum, we venture to inquire, be so insistent on its rights?

Comes, in November, the height of excitement for Bodley. The 2nd is dedicated so: "Watchmen to be engaged for Nov. 5." Dimly, in this land of dons, gringos, and the Japanese question, we call to mind English history 4 A B, and wonder confusedly, Guy Fawkes? It seems to me that it *was* Guy Fawkes. Something about effigies and bonfires." More profitable, perhaps, to turn again to Nov. 5. "All windows and ventilators to be closed at night. Watchmen to patrol from 7 until 12." Would not incipient mischief-makers respect the gray hairs of Bodley's head? We long for elucidation. As well try throwing firecrackers at the Rock of Gibraltar, as attempt the granite impassivity of my library. No student would be so mad.

After November 5, the Calendar sinks into the quiet senescence of December 1, "Fire-buckets to be refilled" (evaporation, or sudden insatiable thirst?) and "Dead slips of July-Dec. 1931 to be cleared away."

At least so we thought, until coming to the next part of the inexhaustible Manual, which, without any warning, begins all over again with "Monthly, weekly, and daily routine." Here we skip gaily from one light-minded detail to another. On the first day of every month, "Contents of scrap-boxes to be dealt with." Every Monday, "Bodley clocks to be wound and set," At nine A. M. daily, "Bodley's bell to be rung," and at the same identical moment, "First trolley starts to Camera." Those would be mystic words, were not a careful diagram appended. "At dusk," which is specified, to obviate all janitorial dispute, as being at five o'clock, "Camera roof to be patrolled. Camera to be lighted up. Camera furnace to be banked up."

In the thirty pages of Staff Regulations, "Mr. Rowlings (Bodley janitor)" seems to us to have the least enviable job—"Charge of door and control of visitors." He it is who, five minutes before closing, must also "see that all members of the staff have left." Must needs a combined pugilist and silver-tongued orator apply as janitor in my library, if his duties were those. Friendly dogs push open our low swingdoors with their wet noses, or curl up obstinately in the main aisles of reading-rooms. Shall we let them stay and thump their tails, or drag them yelping to the nearest exit? Small boys roller-skate in and out of our classic pillared entrance, floored with smooth resounding marble. Students rest their heads upon their books and snore. Gentle old ladies crackle paper bags and eat the sandwiches they pull therefrom.

If we only had a hoary tradition or two! We are so demnition young that we stand aghast, but helpless, before essentially simple situations. We should, I know, Deal Firmly with them; but we, alas, being rather young ourselves usually end in spasms of chortling. Something like page ninety-five of the Manual would give us tremendous stiffening of the spinal column

"Chief Bodleian Benefactors.

Bodley, Sir Thomas (1545-1613)

. . . . . .

Casaubon, Meric (1599-1671)

. . . . . .

Marsh, Narcissus, archbp. of Armagh (1638-1713)."

Lacking that, ————————

C. D.

Request for Light

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Professor Norman Foerster's discussion, Toward a New Scholarship, which appeared in your issue of July 25, 1931, is a highly gratifying presentation of a point of view which must sooner or later be adopted. In his paper, Professor Foerster gets down to brass tacks in his criticism and also in his constructive suggestions; and I for one am very grateful to him for so doing.

At the same time I have one criticism to make, and that is of the attitude of mind which permits Professor Foerster to write: "In answer to those who hold that the ancient languages, especially Greek, can be dispensed with, we may declare, with the humanist Guarino, that 'those who are ignorant of the Greek tongue decry its necessity, for reasons which are sufficiently evident.' "

By a combination of bad luck and bad management, I am one of those who are ignorant of the Greek tongue; and I know a great many people who are likewise ignorant of it. Yet I do not know that we decry its necessity. If we have objected to the study of Greek, it has been pretty largely on the ground that there are other studies which, in this day and age, may better be pursued. There is so much that we ought to know about; there are so many languages in which wisdom has been preserved; there are so many writers and teachers today who ought to be considered, that it seems, often enough, that the time necessary for learning Greek as it must be learned cannot be afforded.

And when we present our arguments, we are met with just such a reply as this sentence of Professor Foerster's. It does not help us much. I should be very glad to know just why the study of Greek is absolutely essential to the cultured man; but I cannot find out. The classicists, the humanists, will not tell. They adopt something of the Christian Science attitude: "But you don't *understand.*"

When Thomas Henry Huxley became convinced that a study of the natural sciences was essential to the cultured and educated man, he did not hesitate to devote his life to explanation and exposition of his belief. He presented all the reasons that he could think of, and presented them in a way that all men could understand, without condescension, without contempt. He converted thousands.

It would be helpful, I think, if some of those who insist that a classical education is essential would devote their time and energy to giving the reasons for their belief, as Huxley gave the reasons for his. We who do not know Greek may perhaps have time to learn it, if we find out why we should. Certainly, if Professor Foerster is right, no one could contribute more to the New Scholarship than one who would play Huxley to classical education.

S. A. NOCK.

Munich, Germany.

In Answer to Mr. Marsh

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Some time ago I read Robert Herrick's articles entitled "Dreiseriana" and "The Necessity of Anonymity" and rejoiced. Now, in your issue of August 1, I read Mr. Fred T. Marsh's disapproval of these articles and find it hard to take quietly.

Mr. Marsh complains of Mr. Herrick's lack of appreciation of the type of realism to which Dreiser treats his readers, of the "fantasies and Freudian psychology," of such "Simian gossip" as one finds in "Cakes and Ale," and offers instruction to this effect: "An admirer of Hardy . . . would admit the value and importance of the realistic movement." "In autobiography, Dreiser was preceded by Rousseau" (this as a defense impregnable around Dreiseriana). " 'Simian gossip' has always bulked large in scholarship and criticism."

Alas the day! Does Mr. Marsh suppose that crass realism is an end in itself? Does he really not know that Hardy made use of realism as a medium through which to reach deeper things? (Mr. Dreiser never does!) Can he be unaware that an author who inspires his readers to nothing better than an inquisitive craning of necks is neither scholar nor critic? That it is the biographer's, no less than the novelist's, business to interpret character, never to make of it a show for the vulgar? Does he really not understand Mr. Herrick's reservation: "but the naked school of self-confessors should be sure before stripping for the public that they have underneath something to reveal which is significant"? Really not? "Mr. Herrick's criterion," says he, "is one of taste and taste only." Only! Yet the remark should not be startling, for taste was of no consequence to Jean Jacques; nor is it to be expected to be of consequence to those who think him worth imitating.

The complacency of Mr. Marsh's belief in the Rousseaus and the Dreisers is matched only by the cocksureness of his prophecy regarding the place of the current period in letters: "possibly," he assures us, "the most significant decade in our literary history." Significant it will undoubtedly be, in the same way that a swamp is significant to the walker across country. The generality of its prose writing has shown no insight into anything but deeply physical urgings and prompting, its characters have felt no compulsion toward the fulfilment of any but Freudian desires, have had no thought of conflict with these same Freudian desires where they ran counter to the demands of loyalty, altruism, fairness — now "outmoded," to be sure. If ever old Aristotle needed proof of his dictum that no plot is a worthy one unless the protagonist be a man of noble stature, a man "magnanimous," these significant 'twenties have provided it. It is time and past time that we gave ear to old Aristotle.

This heat over Mr. Marsh's article must seem as astonishing as the remarks that kindled it, but I plead disappointment. Mr. Herrick's criticism had given some hope, long looked for, of a turning away from the trend of this "most significant decade." Mr. Marsh's letter arouses impatience. The Rousseauistic and the Freudian have been with us too long.

ANNE SOPHIAN.

Star Lake, N. Y.

Arnold Bennett

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In your issue of May 2, Mr. Francis Hackett writes: "I always liked Arnold Bennett immensely." These words perfectly express my own sentiments, and I wish to thank Mr. Hackett and you for the most satisfying estimate of Bennett and his work I have yet come across. Many of the notices published on this side left one with a sense of inadequacy, but after reading Mr. Hackett's tribute it is not difficult to believe that his review of "The Old Wives' Tale" gave most pleasure to the creator of the authentic masterpiece.

Although he repudiates the idea that literature is autobiography, Bennett's writings appealed to me—despite his possession of what he called "the invaluable, despicable journalistic faculty of seeming to know more than one does know"—because one constantly caught glimpses of his real self: naïve, and with a most engaging capacity for looking on the world as if he were seeing it for the first time. My acquaintance with his work started with a series of articles he contributed to a London weekly entitled *The Savoir Faire Papers,* some of which were republished in his "Pocket Philosophies." I remember his advice about collars—dear ones he did not recommend—and the wise apportionment of a young man's income. He had this in common with Cobbett, who also gave "Advice to Young Men," that he had a plentiful endowment of sturdy common sense and a copious command of pithy English.

In "The Regent" (I think) he describes the embarrassment of the hero after taking a suite of rooms at a fashionable London hotel, when the manager asks if his valet is to sleep in the suite. He gets over the dilemma by remarking that in case he takes ill during the night, it would be better to have his valet with him. Touches like these strike me as autobiographical. The average author would not envisage such a situation.

"Milestones," his most successful play, doubtless owes much to his collaborator, Mr. Edward Knoblock, but "What the Pubic Wants"—a satire on "stunt" journalism—was capital fun especially to anyone who has been on a newspaper. "Sir Charles Worgon," whom Bennett satirized, heaped coals of fire on the author's head by giving him a commission for a serial in one of his weeklies. "The Great Adventure," a play based on his novel "Buried Alive," I saw in Glasgow. Criticisms were invited from the audience (in writing). One of them was frank to a degree—if I remember aright. The remark was made that the essential Arnold Bennett was brutal. The critic, a lady, I think, probably meant to convey that Bennett was a realist. At all events, the shaft went home, and not long before his death Arnold Bennett paid a tribute to his Glasgow audience as being the most alert and quick-witted he had encountered.

Unlike Thrale, Bennett both marked the minutes and struck the hours. Alas that his hour is gone!

WESTWOOD OLIVER MACNEILL.

Ashton, Gourock, Scotland.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

LETTERS OF WARWICK GREENE. Edited by RICHARD W. HALE. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $3.50.

Warwick Greene, who died at Boston, Mass., November 18, 1929, had enjoyed a varied though short career. After being Director of the Bureau of Public Works at Manila, he served with the American Red Cross Commission in France and Belgium and also with the Air Service. He was later attached to the Peace Commission in Paris and subsequently headed the mission to the Russian Baltic in 1919. His letters, while in the nature of private correspondence, are interesting because of an association with men of the Front rank.

During his tour of the Baltic States in 1919 and 1920, Greene wrote some vivid impressions of Finland, Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland. They are valuable as giving a "worm's-eye" view of what he had seen from the altitude of an official during the pathetic post-war period, in which these countries suffered so heavily.

The letters have been carefully edited and arranged by Richard W. Hale.

Fiction

HER MASTER. By MARCEL PREVOST. Translated from the French by JANE TERRY. Sears. 1931. $2.

Had M. Prevost intended—as he evidently did not—this novel to be a subtly satirical arraignment of his countrymen's emancipation from the restraints of pre-war morality, and we had accepted it as such, his book should have been an unqualified and complete success. But the story seems to have been conceived as a serious, naturalistic, modern love tale, with no satirical implications or lessons pointed, in which a little group of entirely plausible French men and women of the post-war generation—the "foursome"—play the principal roles. The narrator, Andrée, hereditary part-owner of rich textile properties in Lille, is left an attractive, wealthy widow of thirty after three years of uncongenial marriage to a fatuous bourgeois husband. Her girlhood friend, Fanoute, now a notorious divorcée living openly with a lover in fast circles of fashionable Parisian society, persuades the provincial Andrée to join her in the capital and there undergo the happy experience of transformation into a beautiful woman of the world.

Andrée's initiation consists mainly of nightlong sessions in the costlier nocturnal dives, shared with Fanoute, the latter's lover, Max, and younger brother, Roland, a handsome, athletic voluptuary who without great difficulty persuades the formerly chaste Andrée to become his mistress. Their attachment, purely sensual though it is, eventually blossoms into a permanent relationship—with motives of self-gain uppermost in Roland—sanctified by marriage. All this, though urbanely and ingratiatingly told, seems utterly trite and artificial if the story's surfaces are to be taken on trust, nor can it be said that the author's array of scented amorists, parasites, pigs, and sots is essentially typical of their class, reflects any qualities that are a credit to their race, or is likely to endear them even to readers of pronounced Gallic sympathies.

A LOVER RETURNS. By DOMINIQUE DUNOIS. Translated by EDWIN GRANBERRY. Macaulay. 1931. $2.

The sketchy narrative method employed to tell the first half of this story—that of an introspective Frenchwoman's frustrated love-life—considerably detracts from the never robust appeal which the unhappy Solange and her sorrows are calculated to evoke in the feminine reader. When a girl of nineteen, Solange had married a man with no claim upon her affections, while her heart was given to another, Tony, who, though he never directly avowed his love, she implicitly believed returned her passion with an ardor and constancy equal to her own. Tony marries; so does Solange, and though both are soon after bereft of their unmourned mates, it is not until she is thirty-three that Solange is once more able to renew her association with this one man she has ever loved.

He comes then to dwell, at her invitation, in the Touraine cottage where she lives in seclusion with her aged aunt. But the remembered charm and intellectual brilliancy have died out in this melancholy, brooding man of forty-four, and in vain Solange strives, for the ensuing two years of their companionship, to revive those extinct fires. The protracted, fruitless reunion finally ends in a dreary impasse—Tony, who never had loved the girl Solange, has now grown to feel for her a grateful, spiritual tenderness, which lacks the power of preventing his tardy return to a scarcely mentioned, but still patiently waiting, second wife. The peculiar psychology and emotional nature of Solange seem to ring true and consistently, but even so, the book is pervaded, like its characters, by a tedious, stuffy, comatose atmosphere which renders it a generally dull performance.

LOVER'S LOOT. By ERIC HATCH. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Though the situations in this broadly farcical novel verge frequently on the clownish, the tale as a whole is tolerably amusing and at times even displays a humor that is decidedly infectious. The chief character is a solemn young lawyer-politician, recently defeated reform candidate for district attorney, a sap and prig with old-maidish propensities which are the standing jest of his bibulous, worldly-wise friends. While motor-bound alone to attend a Connecticut house party, adventure overtakes him in the form of a strange, lovely girl who mistakes him for a doctor and enlists the bewildered fellow's aid in a difficulty which involves her suspiciously in the theft of a diamond necklace. The erstwhile sap quickly develops a surprising faculty for handling the ticklish quandaries to which the girl's mystifying folly commits them. Obviously not suitable fiction for the serious-minded, the book is described as "Wodehousean," and there is much in the story reminiscent of that master-comic in his tales of purely American humor.

Juvenile

THE HOUSE IN HIDDEN LANE. By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $1.75 Net.

Mrs. Seaman always writes with naturalness and vivacity and her mysteries are unforced and interesting. One wonders why so deft a touch should so often linger on a mechanical push button revealing the secret. The characters, lightly done, are always good—as far as they go. But we had best be thankful, in regretting the absence of stuff, that here at least are girls' books without mawkishness, really good reading for idle moments. This latest book is made up of two fairly long short stories, both laid in queer houses. Houses fascinate Mrs. Seaman as a setting for mystery.

THE MAGIC LOAVES. Tales from Herodotus adapted by HOPE BRISTER. Macmillan. 1931. $1.

An addition to Macmillan's Little Library is always welcome. This collection of tales is designated for children of from six to eight years. But, like all age suggestion, this is not to be taken too seriously. For much of the virility and zest of the great Father of Lies emerges through translation and adaptation for the delight of children of all ages.

DRAWING ANIMALS! By A. BEST-MAUGARD. Knopf. 1931. $1.50.

ANIMAL DRAWING IN OUTLINE: A Drawing Book for Young People. By E. G. LUTZ. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $1.75.

It would seem more constructive and less pretentious to teach children to see life and nature in their natural aspects, no matter how complex, rather than find a short cut, and a blind one at that, through stylized drawing books. Mr. Best-Maugard nearly succeeded in a constructive method in the three admirable essays which were part of his successful book, "A Method for Creative Design," published five years ago. His present book, on the other hand, falls short of his abilities as a creative artist and teacher, besides being antipodal to the principle he fervently upholds in his earlier book on art education.

"Drawing Animals" is a copy book, despite the fact that Mr. Best-Maugard does not think so. Truly, some children will be able to draw a horse, a stag, a dog and lioness by following his book, but they will draw these exactly in the way the author has drawn them. It must be said, however, that the style he uses in his drawings is sensitive and distinguished. His book has other instructive advantages. It becomes debatable only on the ground of constructive material for creative expression. Certainly it will come as a bewildering surprise to those people who are already acquainted with the work of this artist-teacher. Fortunately the book is not important enough in art education to endanger his rightly won reputation in Mexico, as well as the United States, for his original ideas on the subject.

However encouraging (or otherwise) Mr. Best-Maugard's book may be to a child's creative imagination, it is not as pretentious and misleading to his sense of reality as is the other book under review. Mr. Lutz seems not to tire of his method of teaching innocent children how to draw his inanimate wire animals. He must have a shocking success with his books, for he continues every year to publish a new one. More power to Mr. Lutz for his success, but one cannot help at the same time feeling sorry for the children who copy his stuff.

One example will serve to describe one of the pen pictures in Mr. Lutz's "Animal Drawing in Outline." In drawing the head of a dog, for instance, the starting point is the ear. A continuous line of mingling and intermingling curves evolves until the whole thing looks like twisted wire to resemble a dog. Specious pen and ink exercises, this "Animal Drawing in Outline."

HAUNT HOUSE. By ZILLAH K. MACDONALD. Appleton. 1931. $2.

This tale has all the elements of an excellent mystery story for boys and girls, many of them, it must be said, used rather too often in books of this type and yet always apparently acceptable again. We refer to such items as midnight screams, weird noises, and unaccountable events, always explained at the end by some mechanical or natural origin or by a hidden presence in the house; also to the customary determination of hero or heroine (in this case both) to face the situation, dissolve the mystery, and, usually, to straighten out some one's misfortunes in doing so. Here the misfortunes are those of old Mrs. Huey, badly treated by her step-relatives and half-wandering in her mind as she passes her old age in an ancient house, and of Jeremy, the young station-agent, cheated of his inheritance of this old house by the same scheming relatives. He forms a natural alliance with plucky Iona when she takes a summer's employment with the recalcitrant old lady, and together they work things out. The lost marriage license of Jeremy's ancestor is found, the ghost is laid, Iona's job is bravely done, and all of course, looks towards a happy future.

Our criticism of the book is that everything is a little overdone, a little extreme. The ghostly screams are too exaggerated, the relatives too malicious, the slangy merriment of the two boys too loud, even Iona too much of a heroine. We do not claim that young readers wishing their hair raised will voice such an objection; only that the literary standard of the book would be higher and its credibility greater with more moderation in style and material. Apart from this, the story will be much enjoyed.

THE DOLLS' HOUSE. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Illustrated by ERICK BARRY. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $1.50.

Rose Fyleman needs no introduction to those interested in children's books, and her gay and whimsical touch needs no new description. This merry little book is an excellent example of what she is doing for younger children. It has her own originality of plot and background, since the activities, plans and adventures of the dollhouse family—all quite unknown to their young mistress—will be a new and delightful idea to most child-readers. Also there are qualities of humor in the turns of the little narrative and the descriptions of dollhouse character which will be enjoyed by any grown-up who may dip into the book or read it aloud. The illustrations enter into the spirit successfully and are particularly clever in catching the combination of wooden-doll stolidity with the adventurous activity bestowed by the author's imagination. The whole makes a very charming output.

BROOKS OF THE VALLEY AIRWAYS. By FREDERIC NELSON LITTEN. Appleton. 1931. $2.

It is possible to call this book excellent, if one adds "of its kind." For it is made to that popular pattern in universal demand by the editors of boys' magazines, their readers, the parents, and probably the advertisers, the pattern wherein the sturdy hero with but one flaw eliminates that, triumphs over nature and any rivals, and achieves his goal on the last page. Granted that it is a made book, the rest is praise,

(*Continued on next page*)

» » *A Few Pointers about the Better Books* « «

Snug Harbour
the collected stories of
W. W. Jacobs
Fifty-eight stories, 681 pages, a *Scribner Omnibus Book* chock full of hilarious happenings, with a few shivery ghost stories for good measure. $2.50

The Grass Roof
by Younghill Kang
"As astonishing as 'Kim,'" says Rebecca West of this story of a young man's life in Korea when the "Hermit Kingdom" was still a paradise for scholars and poets.
Fourth printing. $3.00

These Russians
by William C. White
"A vivid picture of the impact of the Communist theory and practice upon the lives of individuals," writes John Dewey in *The New Republic* of these seventeen brilliant portraits of representative Russians.
Fourth printing. $3.00

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings
by Panteleimon Romanof

"Contains the most accurate picture of life under the Soviet that has yet been given in fiction. . . . A vivid but dispassionate story."
—*Burton Rascoe.*
Third printing. $2.50

The first novel by the author of «The Road to Rome»

The Virtuous Knight
by Robert Emmet Sherwood
The story of a young knight who, in an age of embattled faith, was plagued by an incorrigibly curious mind. Against the gleaming background of the Crusades Mr. Sherwood tells a romantic tale of men and women whose actions are real and convincing. $2.50

For Younger Readers

Founders of Great Religions
by Millar Burrows
These personal sketches of the famous leaders include Lao-tze, Confucius, Mahavira, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Mohammed, Nanak, and Jesus. They are accurate, compendious, and stirring. $2.00

A Child's Garden of Verses
by Robert Louis Stevenson
illustrated by Florence E. Storer
For this new edition Miss Storer has done an entirely new set of drawings in the delightful mood of those that made the first "Storer edition" of Stevenson's verses a universal favorite. $1.00

Science and Religion
With a foreword by Michael I. Pupin
The contributors to this symposium include A. S. Eddington, J. S. Haldane, L. P. Jacks, Dean Inge, Julian Huxley, Sir J. Arthur Thomson, and others. "Every page is interesting, and the total effect is inspiring."—*William Lyon Phelps.* $1.75

Sun Up
by Will James
author of "Smoky," etc.

"An excellent collection of cowboy stories and drawings. . . . Good colorful episodes."—*New York Evening Post.*
A Junior Literary Guild Selection. $2.50

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New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued fom peceding page*)

for Mr. Litten has taken the formula and given it the gun, as airman Brooks would say. The result is a progress through adventures closely crowding, with some likable characters, in any atmosphere almost technical enough to entitle the reader to a flight certificate. Yet it is not a boresome technique, and the best thing in the book is the insight given into the future of aviation.

Hero Brooks is ambitious, careless, and pronouncedly durable. He starts the story at no mean tempo by being borne off into space on an airplane's wing-tip, and the tempo never slackens. The Oro Verde Valley, where Brooks is learning to fly, provides hazards by fog and flood, in box canyon and blizzard. A rival transport company thickens the plot. Landing a burning plane, and dealing with a broken dam from the air, are incidents taken in Brooks's stride. There is a happy twist in the climax, quite unforeseen, and everyone is left alive for the sequel, if Mr. Litten pleases. We will read any sequel gladly in which George Dodd, the funny boy, is included.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF HONOR. By JAMES E. WEST and PETER O. LAMB. Revell. 1931. $1.75.

This is a book in which, chapter by chapter, the Boy Scout principles are enlarged upon, in a way intended to be of equal interest to those who are already members of the organization and to those who are not. That is, a mere statement of the Scout laws is found on the contents page only, and the chapters are given up to a recounting of interesting examples of the realization of these principles, taken from all periods of history. The examples are sometimes famous ones, sometimes little known, but always of interest—whether as to character or action depends on the particular story.

The style of such a book would naturally be important. The author here has evidently made a wise resolve to avoid both moralizing and sentimentality and has on the whole succeeded, but at the cost of producing a marked sense of elimination, almost to flatness, with occasionally a curious lack of drawing out the actual point of the story from among many details of background and action. This makes the book in spots a little monotonous and lacking in flavor and vitality, though to a thoughtful reader the motive is clear and the remedy not too easy to discover. Unquestionably a great deal of valuable material for the purpose is contained within the covers.

CÆSAR. By RICHARD PATRICK RUSS. Putnam. 1930. $2.

That a boy of fifteen, son of a London physician, should write an eighty-eight-page book in the spirit of an explorer relating his adventures is in itself creditable. In this case the narrator is an animal, there is rapid action, copious bloodshed, and, later, the extraordinary devotion felt by the mammoth killer for the master who trains it to hunt for him. Boys themselves will love all that though the natural science is startling and the style that of a clever fifteen year old. The question in our mind is this: what effect will such a dish of mental food have on the growing boy, and what kind of dreams will it cause the sensitive child to have?

Cæsar's father was a giant panda and his mother a snow leopard; but the caste of characters is not confined to these beasts of Tibet and the high Himalayas. Cæsar meets monkeys, elephants, a porcupine, and a crocodile. A black bear murders the hero's sister on page one, whereupon his mother brings the bear's two cubs home in her mouth to supplement the family larder. With such a start in life, it is not surprising that the youthful Cæsar, orphaned by a forest fire, and bent on dining on a pig from a native village, should be forced to kill a man and pass on from adventure to adventure.

BUGLES AT MIDNIGHT. By JOHN MURRAY REYNOLDS. Appleton. 1931. $2.

This is a stirring tale of the partisan warfare waged through the low country of South Carolina by that almost legendary figure, Francis Marion, a tale to absorb and thrill the lad of today as the adventure it narrates as well as the inspiration of the cause which engaged it caught up young Michael Blair of New York in 1780 when he came down to Charleston, already fired with patriotic ardor and having seen in the Mohawk country where his people lived something of the British ways with the colonists. There is an excellent picture of Charleston, in the grip of Cornwallis's army, the Tories of the city in the ascendant but the fires of liberty burning under the surface and bursting into bright flames at the slightest breath of free air. Michael visits his loyalist kin and, with his cousin, Gerry Spoffard, half persuaded of the American cause, goes to the family plantation on the Santee river. There, during a coon hunt at night, the boys, having lost their way and pitched camp, are come upon by a lone woodsman, whom they identify as the famous "Swamp Fox." Later in a tavern brawl Michael takes company with a bold fellow who is one of Marion's men and goes with him to join the elusive band which is keeping "Butcher" Tarleton constantly employed and Earl Cornwallis tied to this supposedly conquered country. He rides with Peter Horry, he learns the trails through the swamps, he takes part in the raids which Marion leads suddenly upon the British cavalry. He is taken prisoner, escapes, rejoins the troop, participates in the defense of Fort Morgan, goes into hiding in the swamp, emerges at the call of the chieftain, ranges with his comrades through all the wide sweep of Marion's operations from Charleston to the North Carolina line, and has hairbreadth adventures enough to stir the blood of any youth. He rescues his cousins from a British patrol, engages in a duel to the death with a vengeful and malignant British officer, and hears the glorious news of King's Mountain and Cowpens.

It is a good story. There is enough of history to give it body, and authentic history too, but it is so dramatic that it reads throughout as a mere tale of adventure. The author should get the right spelling of Thomas Sumter's name. "Sumpter" will not do, especially when it has to be applied to the historic fort in Charleston harbor. And how could Marion have apologized to the British officer who was his dinner guest for not having salt to serve with the potatoes which made the sole fare? Salt with sweet potatoes! Francis Marion could not have been the patriot he was had he done that deed.

TALLY HO. By MOYRA CHARLTON. Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS. Putnams. 1931. $2.

It is rather difficult to know how warmly to recommend this little book about an Irish horse to American boys and girls. The reviewer has in mind half a dozen families where the young folk would "eat it up," but they are families where the sport of fox hunting is a commonplace shared by the younger generation. Perhaps, after all, the only qualification necessary to enjoy the book is the love of horses and this is a passion which the automobile has not done away with, as so many people thought it would, but has helped and fostered.

It is almost incredible that this story should have been produced by a child of twelve but the publishers assure us that it is so and that, moreover, she wrote it without help of any kind, so we must believe them. We say this because the story, though simple, is exceedingly well told, the style is excellent and, above all, the youthful author's knowledge of horsemanship and sport is revealed on every page. She must have been "entered" to fox hunting at a very early age, and we imagine she would be quite capable now of "whipping in" to a pack of hounds.

The story concerns a colt born on the desolate moorlands of County Mayo, Ireland, and subject to all of the hardships which the almost wild moorland ponies endure. One follows the gray colt, Tally Ho, through the various stages of his career—his sale at a country fair, his breaking and training by a farmer, and his resale at a substantial profit to Major John Smithfield, an ex-soldier and a good sportsman.

Were it not for the somewhat special appeal which this little book makes, it might well be given a place on the bookshelf beside "Black Beauty," which is now somewhat out-of-date. Lionel Edwards' illustrations add considerable charm to the book and a letter from Lord Lonsdale, England's most prominent sportsman, to the youthful author, forms a preface.

ROBIN AND ANGUS. By MABEL L. ROBINSON. Illustrated by Eloise Burns Wilkin. Macmillan. 1931. $1.75.

This grown-up wishes to record herself as having had a thoroughly pleasant time reading Miss Robinson's well-told story of Robin, the artist's daughter, and her mischievous young puppy, during one of the family's accustomed stays in Florence. The background of the book, of course, doubles the reader's enjoyment if he can follow in pleasant retrospect about the old Florentine streets and squares. But apart from background the story is well imagined and told with much charm, and the plot, though slight, is sufficient because so nicely handled. Just such an overly bright red harness would a little girl love to order and a Florentine leather-worker love to make, for a merry young puppy. Just such a temptation would that harness be to poverty-stricken urchins in the Piazza of Fiesole if a runaway Angus dashed from the monks' secluded garden into their midst, and just so thoughtless would they be of how a little lost dog might be recovered by a heartbroken mistress after his gay harness had been stolen for what it would bring. Here is where Filippo comes in to help Robin out of her plight, and prove the kindliness and friendship that really underlie the shy and proud exterior of this young aristocrat. He and Robin progress gradually from animosity and distrust to friendship and mutual enjoyment. So all ends well, and at the last of her father's studio teas (the scenes of some of Angus's worst pranks before adversity chastened his wire-haired spirit) it is discovered that Robin herself may soon be a full-fledged artist.

We commend with enthusiasm both the story and the charming style in which it is written, and we hope that Miss Robinson will do more of the same kind in other European backgrounds, which she evidently knows and loves so well.

JANE'S ISLAND. By MARJORIE HILL ALLEE. Illustrated by Maitland de Gogorza. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

The Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory and the Cape Cod shores round about, the happy hunting grounds for specimens for experiments, are the center of this story and the girl who reads "Jane's Island" on a rainy afternoon is very likely to feel as if she were spending the day outdoors in an interesting and delightful part of the world where something really worth while is going on. And although books for girls usually are classified definitely according to the reader's age, this time it will not matter whether she is fourteen or ten because there are two girls in the story, Ellen, seventeen and a college freshman engaged in her first summer job, and Jane, twelve, and a young twelve.

The story begins as Ellen's and probably was written with older girls in mind, but when Jane appears, so simple, so sincere and direct and passionately interested in everything, she steps into the place that was not meant to be hers, for inevitably the character who makes things happen is the heroine. One would rather have gone with Jane to spread the dead fish under the bedroom window of her father's rival than to have followed meekly with Ellen to undo the plot.

Jane is an energetic child who keeps her mind working all the time, as girls do exactly as much as do boys, though one rarely gets a glimpse of such activities in fiction written for girls. She enters whole-heartedly into the interests of her elders, and Jane's island is hers because it is her secret place for getting the planaria that her father needs in his work and which she is proud of being able to find in larger quantities than can the official collecting crew of the Laboratory. She is intense and enthusiastic, frank to an embarrassing degree, self-reliant and fearless, a modern child that girls of her own age will recognize as authentic. Ellen McNeil is not modern, she is a pale, composite picture of nice girls in the stories of a generation ago.

Enough people walk the pages of the book to give one an idea of life at Woods Hole and to let a girl see what fun it must be to work intently all summer to prove a theory. One refreshing feature is the fact that the German scientist, the villain in Jane's eyes because he disagrees with her father, remains untouched by the child's charm and goes out of the story almost oblivious of her existence.

International

UNDERWORLD AND SOVIET. By VLADIMIR ORLOFF. Dial. 1931.

The name of the author of this book will be connected in the minds of many people with that of another recent writer upon Russia, Mr. Knickerbocker. The lawsuit which the latter provoked against M. Orloff was something of a *cause célèbre* in Berlin two years ago. To those who read between the lines of that case and who have some knowledge of M. Orloff, it will be obvious that he is well qualified to write "Underworld and Soviet." Nor can his claim to impartiality be disputed, for it is certain that whatever else may be said of his activities in the past, M. Orloff cannot be accused of favoring any special nation or any special people. He was in fact, as he says, a spy, but a spy of the post-war free-lance variety who owed little allegiance to anyone in particular. In this respect, the anti-Soviet attitude has frequently stood him in good stead, and it is the attitude to which he inclines in this book. These facts are not stated to discredit M. Orloff's views; on the contrary he is certainly better fitted than most to write upon Russia today.

His purpose in the present volume is to lay bare the facts about the secret workings of the Soviet, to which he has had access by reason of twenty-five years official service in many important capacities for Russia. He aims to be impartial, but admits that, being an anti-communist, he may sometimes have been unable to avoid reflecting his own point of view. His efforts, here described, have been directed towards defeating Soviet attempts at world government, which he alleges have (in 1929) been extended in a territory which comprises a sixth part of the earth's surface.

M. Orloff's extensive legal training makes his book different from many kindred writings. He presents alleged facts as undramatized evidence and presents them without apparent exaggeration. Admittedly writing for anti-Soviet propaganda, he has submitted his work for translation into numerous languages. Many of the characters and events discussed are familiar to Russians, but unknown to foreigners; so the uninitiated reader frequently fails to understand the significance of incidents described. However, the composite picture is comprehensible and from it may be drawn important conclusions. The account follows the chronological order of events which have come under the personal observation of the author. It is of interest largely to the discriminating who know something of the subject, and can appreciate the revelations of one whose career took him "into the very center of the struggle against the subterranean and secret powers which were working for the destruction of Russia."

YOUNG GERMANY. By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK. McBride. 1931. $2.50.

This book is a discussion from keen, sympathetic, and ample first-hand observation of the benefits the Youth Movement has brought to German children, adoslescents, and young men and women since the war. It is no travel book in the usual guide book manner, but in a more stimulating sense it certainly is a travel book, and a very good one, for anyone from twelve years of age on up to such age as one becomes entirely disinterested in the social life of foreign countries. "Young Germany" is an interesting book to read if one never intends to go to Germany; it is a valuable book for background for one who expects to go to Germany for a stay of some duration, and it is an enlightening post-travel book for the tourist variety of traveller after he has just returned from a kaleidoscopic view of Germany, in that it will interpret for him phases of German life which he has viewed from the train window all too quickly for any understanding.

At the outset Miss Peck discusses the German Youth Movement in general and views it as the natural outgrowth of the stifling discipline in pre-war Germany. Then she details the effects of the movement on recreation, education, home life, and health. She makes much of the walking tours which German 'teen age young people take so independently and on which they stop overnight at the *Jugendherbergen*. The author is likewise impressed with the resourcefulness of the German child at play. He does not depend for his diversion on cinema shows and expensive mechanical toys and rides in the family motor as does the American child. The German youth finds his recreation in gymnastics, sports, walking tours, and such joys as nature, supplemented by ever so little money, offers him. The lack of the expensive toy and the paid-for-at-the-door amusement is not felt as a hardship in Germany, and Miss Peck finds German children more spontaneous in their play than are American children—an observation which should surprise that group of child welfare observers who recently toured Europe and mistook the seriousness of viewpoint of German and Scandinavian children for suppression and lack of spontaneity, and declared that only the Italian child approached the American child in self-expression.

While the book is to be recommended for the consumption of young and old alike, it must not be considered a complete and exhaustive study of the Youth Movement for adults. Only the palatable sides of this development are touched. There is, for example, no reference to the wave of suicide on the part of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys which was truly alarming in its proportions a few years after the war. Those suicides, committed in most cases simply because of a realization of the overwhelming weight of the problems which youth had to face, were part of the youth movement, the breaking away from conven-

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

J. S., Berea, Ohio, is preparing a study of "fiction in modern poetry" and asks for suggestions for a reading-list of poems that would fit this purpose, from Wordsworth's "Michael" to Master's "Spoon River Anthology," S. V. Benét's "John Brown's Body," and Mark Van Doren's "Jonathan Gentry."

A LONG-AGO long vacation in Vermont, a spell of wet weather exhausting the books on the whatnot of the farmhouse parlor, all but one unpromising blue volume left to the last—this was really my introduction to poetry. For the blue book was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and one of the thrills of my reading life was the discovery that a story could be told in rhyme. Even better told, for what other romance had caught me on the first sentence?

The feast was over in Branksome Tower
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,
The bower that was guarded by many a spell . . .

the remembered words—if I've remembered them correctly—bring back the *frison sacrée,* the sacred Gothic shiver.

By this I know how Scott's generation must have taken "Lady of the Lake," or even "Marmion"—though I could never quite go that one. But by the time I chanced on "The Corsair," "Lara," and "The Bride of Abydos" I was just adolescent enough to find them silly, so I will never know how the Byron fever must have smitten the eighteen-tens. I preferred "Don Juan," to the displeasure of my teachers, who so strove with me in favor of "Childe Harold" that to this day I haven't read it. Our house at home held more than one relic of the novel-poem period; I took in Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh" for the sake of the veiled prophet of Khorassan, though at present I can't remember what the veil had to do with it any more than I could say what was back of the black veil in "Mysteries of Udolpho." I could not, however, get my teeth into Bailey's "Festus," though that, too, was in the house, and my elders spoke of it with respect apparently unspoiled by acquaintance. It seemed to be one of those books, like Wallace's "Prince of India," that sat on everyone's whatnot and went no further.

But I read Owen Meredith's "Lucile" on my own steam. It was then still the thing for a young man to give it to you in an edition known as Padded Poets, if he were beginning to take an interest. "Lucile," in covers that would not stack, committed him to nothing much, but it did give a girl notice that he had her slightly in his eye. Tennyson's "Maud," now, was another story; that I read with all my heart, and so cherished that I never even talked about it—never until the chance discovery, this very summer, that my daughter, too, thought that one of the most poignant stanzas in the English language is there, all but moved me to tears of gratitude. Naturally I read "Idyls of the King," but so did we all; Launcelot in the 'nineties held the place later taken by Rudy Vallee—and between the two I can't see why an idea in the head isn't as material as a moan in the ear. "Aurora Leigh" was another novel-poem still reasonably popular at this period; it had a melodramatic plot warmed with realistic Victorian philanthropy; I wish the Browning revival that put "The Ring and the Book" on the stage might have set some of us reading Mrs. Browning's verse-romance, if but to get through it in touch with the spirit of its time. There were even those in the 'nineties (I was one) who read Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House" all through, though there were more who contented themselves with quoting sagely:

O wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing we cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapened Paradise!

I suppose many a reader unaccustomed to the appeal of verse must have felt the same thrill I found in the "Lay" when he came upon Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy" (Macmillan) back before the war. One told me how up to that time poetry had "never made sense"; she read this because the swing took her along into the story, and by the time she realized it was poetry the charm had caught her. Reading the many parodies of the period of this and his "Widow in the By-Street" (Macmillan) one marvels to find the critics so struck with one feature—violence of theme and vocabulary—that they could find nothing else to notice. We have changed all that; it would take more than Masefield to scare us now; critics scarce winced at the prize-fighters in James Moncure Marsh's "The Set-Up" (Covici-Friede) and Joseph Auslander's "Hell in Harness" (Doubleday, Doran)—the latter, verse as it was, one of the blossoms of the Crime Club—or even at Mr. Marsh's "Wild Party" (Covici-Friede), admission ten dollars, limited edition.

Alfred Noyes goes in for novel-poems on a large scale as well as for narrative verse in general; "The Torchbearers" is a trilogy (Stokes) of rhymed romances on the progress of science and its ultimate harmonization with religion, of which the concluding volume, "The Last Voyage" (Stokes), came out last year. Ruth Manning Sanders won the Blindman Prize for 1926 with "The City" (Dial), which describes the coming of Christ to an English countryside. The latest and most graceful story-telling in verse to come from England is Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Opus 7" (Viking), with a highly unconventional heroine.

E. A. Robinson has never quite let go of book-length romance; "Roman Bartholomew," "The Man Who Died Twice," the widely popular "Tristram," recently the tragic "Cavender's House" and the psychological subtleties of "The Glory of the Nightingales"; all these are published by Macmillan. Several of our younger poets have distinguished themselves in a narrative form corresponding to the short story in prose fiction; a couple of seasons ago Alice Mary Kimball's volume of New England narratives, "The Devil Is a Woman" (Knopf), made a sensation that keeps it still in mind, and this year Rachel Field, in "Points East" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), showed some of the more exotic aspects of Maine's sailoring past in a group of verse-stories of unusual power and sustained interest.

[Note:—As "Mysteries of Udolpho" figures in the above, I should add that anyone may now discover for himself what so delighted Jane Austen's Catherine Morland ("While I have Udolpho to read, I feel as if nobody could make me miserable. Oh! the dreadful black veil! My dear Isabella, I am sure there must be Laurentina's skeleton behind it!"): "Northanger Abbey." For "Udolpho" at last reappears, after long years out of print, in two volumes of Everyman's Library, all tight and complete. You may find further what it meant to its own time, in one of the chapters of one of the most amusing of recent books about books, Amy Cruse's "The Englishman and His Books" (Crowell), which describes the vogue of the Minerva Press and other producers of mystery and horror. When I had less sense and more eyesight I read every word of "Udolpho" between eight o'clock and five-thirty next morning, a feat I attempted on but one other occasion of my life, the memorable night when I made my first acquaintance with "Dracula."]

M. D., New York, asks for information on the Youth Movement as it affects education in Germany. "The New Education in the German Republic," by Ross Alexander and Beryl Parker (Day), has several chapters concerning various aspects of the various youth movements. The only book I know entirely devoted to this is "Young Germany," by Anne Merriam Peck (McBride), which has just been published; it is for young people, but will be valuable to educators or, for that matter, to travellers-in-prospect; it describes the *wandervögel* and the nation-wide provisions made for their entertainment while on the wing, schools, physical training, holidays, and so on with the author's own drawings. Several readers have asked within the year for such a book: here it is.

M. H. H., Cincinnati, O., asks for a beginner's manual for chess; one that takes nothing for granted. "Chess Step by Step," by Frank Marshall and J. C. H. Macbeth (Dutton), was published seven years ago and has been so well received that it is just now appearing in a revised edition; this begins at the very beginning and lives up to its title by leading the student steadily from point to point. "Mate in Two Moves," by Brian Harley (Harcourt, Brace), is to follow a beginner's book; the author is the editor of the famous department in the London *Observer* that week by week, though budgets lose balance and cabinets play puss-in-the-corner, goes on calmly propounding problems to the chess world.

F. S. B., South Gate, Cal., asks about books for group-study of Korea, for background and local color. He is especially in need of a book of the type of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth." The Korean book for color, human interest, and general enlightenment is "The Grass Roof," by Younghill Kang (Scribner), an autobiographical novel, alive and intense. "Korea of the Japanese," by H. B. Drake (Dodd, Mead), is a present-day survey of every-day life. "Japan and Korea," by Frank Carpenter (Doubleday, Doran), is one of a round-the-world series of travel and general information, with excellent pictures. Two books for children have interesting details of every-day life: "When I Was a Boy in Korea," by Ilhan New (Lothrop), and "Our Little Korean Cousin," by H. L. Pike (Page). "Korean Buddhism," by Frederick Starr (Jones), includes the characteristic art. It would seem that Korea is a surprisingly good field for American missionary endeavor, and in "The Korean Church and the Nevius Methods," by Charles A. Clark (Revell), lately published, this is attributed largely to the "new way" of Dr. John L. Nevius, who has radically changed the technique of mission organization and procedure. The contrasting of old and new methods, side by side, I found uncommonly interesting. If the groups undertaking this study are mission study clubs, this book will give them a sketch of twenty-five years' history of the National Presbyterian Church of Korea.

M. A. O., St. Louis, is advised by W. B. S., Chicago, to look into two unusual volumes of sonnets published by Walter M. Hill, the Chicago bookseller: " 'The Sonneteering of Petrarchino,' anonymous, but said to be by Hamill the banker, and 'Banners in the Dawn,' by Vincent Starrett; both these slender books are now the prized possession of collectors, editions having been limited." *D. W. S., Omaha, Nebraska, is looking for an English version of the "Lais de Marie de France" either translated or retold, preferably for children and illustrated, but in any form that may be found.* "French Mediæval Romance in the Lays of Marie de France," translated by Eugene Mason, is one of the volumes of "Everyman's Library." The Institute of French Studies, New York, issued last year "Marie de France: the Lays Gugemar, Lanval and a Fragment of Yonic," with a study of the author's life and work by Julian Harris; the first two of these lays were rendered into English prose by Jessie Weston and published by Nutt, London, in 1910. The University of Chicago published the "Espurgatoire Saint Patriz" with a Latin text, but this is out of print. Margaret Wattie published a study of the Middle English "Lai de Freine," a translation of her "Le Fraisne," as one of the "Smith College Studies in Modern Languages," 1929. I have seen nothing like a version for young readers, or one with illustrations. *The Walden Book Shop, Chicago,* asks for the publisher of Eleanor Rohde's unusual garden book, "The Scented Garden," lately described here. It is published by the Medici Society of London, with branches in New York and Boylston Street, Boston. *M. A. S., Montreal, Canada,* says: "In the Reader's Guide of the 15th instant your correspondent E. P. L., Endayon, Minnesota, asks for the name of C. M. Yonge's book preceding 'The Pillars of the House.' I feel sure 'The Daisy Chain' and 'The Trial' are the books for which she is looking. I regret I am unable to help with the references to 'KT,' having read the series years ago as a child, but it would probably show up in the two books mentioned."

The New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tional authority, just as much as the enthusiastically described light, air, and sun cult looking toward the Greek ideal of physical perfection.

Informal pen-and-ink sketches, made by the author on her travels, add charm to the book and the well chosen photographs, too, increase the reader's enjoyment. Miss Peck has a simple, straightforward style, and she never makes the mistake of writing down for youthful readers.

THE SUCCESS OF THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN. By V. M. MOLOTOV. International Publishers. 1931. $1.25.

RED VILLAGES. By Y. A. YAKOVLEV. Translated by ANNA LOUISE STRONG. International Publishers. 1931. $1.50.

These two thin volumes have come out of the Soviet with an abundance of self-assurance between their covers. They call upon an antagonistic world to look and, if not applaud, at least envy and fear. Written by high officials in the Soviet Government and consisting for the most part of reports to the People's Congresses, they may be considered as the closest approach to true Soviet opinion that it is possible to achieve and, as such, are of utmost importance to students of international affairs. They deal with the particularly important period in the Soviet development during which the entire economic situation of the world had been changing, the years 1928, 1929, 1930 and until May, 1931. From a nation of violent fanatics pursuing an economic chimæra, the Soviet has been focussed finally in the world's eyes as a threat to every capitalist country. New economic alignments have led to political readjustments and now the world awaits the result of that gigantic progeny of Lenin's small electrification scheme, the Five-Year Plan.

V. M. Molotov, as Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, holds a position of authority in the management and direction of the Soviet economic construction. In "The Success of the Five-Year Plan" he is greatly occupied with the propagandist use of the same arguments that united semi-civilized tribes under one strong chieftain, the threat of foreign intervention. He refutes the accusations of Soviet "dumping," in his own manner, by stating that in 1930 the Soviet share of the world export trade was only 1.9 per cent and therefore could not have much effect on the world markets. The hue and cry was really raised in preparation for a war of intervention by capitalist countries. The use of "forced labor" he flatly denies, placing this accusation in the same category of propaganda against the Soviet as the "dumping" campaign. In his summary of the first two years of the Five-Year Plan (1928, 1929, 1930) Molotov loudly proclaims the success of the Plan on almost every "front." The schedule of increase of production has been reached and passed by all of the industries except a few of the "heavy" enterprises (production of steel, agricultural machinery, and coal). He dismisses the tardiness of production in these basic industries with an optimistic promise of better things in 1931.

"Red Villages," written by the Soviet Commissar of Agriculture, considers, in a concise, relevant manner, the Five-Year Plan in Agriculture. Yakovlev proves, by statistics brought to date by the Editor's footnotes which should be accepted in their indicative rather than absolute values, that the original figures of the Five-Year Plan in agriculture were equalled by the Spring of 1930. In other words, the five-year program had been equalled in two years. This success he attributes to the enormous advancement of collectivization. With between forty and fifty per cent of the peasants in the grain producing areas in the collectives, with the widespread development of a network of machine and tractor stations, and with the union of the middle and poor peasants against the kulaks, agriculture is in the most favorable position of any of the Soviet enterprises. Large-scale farming has reached a magnitude unheard of in capitalist countries. Mechanization in agriculture has reached a point of greater efficiency than that of the United States. The yearly increase of arable land sown is greater than that of any other country. The further development of agriculture is now dependent upon industry, since from industry the means for mechanization are obtained. There are also special problems of live-stock and industrial crop development which are daily becoming more necessary for solution.

Both Molotov and Yakovlev agree that two fundamental problems must be solved before the complete success of the Plan is assured. The former finds that after a factory has been built the real difficulty appears in its operation, and Yakovlev repeats that the organization of a collective is simple compared with the problem of its future management. Technique must be mastered before the Soviet can go on. Armies of trained workers, from tractor drivers to highly specialized engineers, must be turned out by the technical schools during the coming year. The second problem is that of the "heavy" industries, since from them must be taken the tools of future production.

The Soviet system of scientific approach to individual problems deserves comment. The Planning Commissions, the Research Institutes for every conceivable purpose, the frequent reports from all officials, and the remarkably efficient Statistical Bureau reduce hit-or-miss methods to a minimum. Practically the only unknown quantities in Soviet economy are the effect of the weather on the harvests and the degree of efficiency of the rapidly trained cadres now entering industry and agriculture.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Foreign Literature

Hans Carossa

BUCH DES DANKES FÜR HANS CAROSSA. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. 1931.

EINE KINDHEIT. By HANS CAROSSA. The same.

VERWANDLUNGEN EINER JUGEND. By HANS CAROSSA. The same.

DR. BÜRGERS ENDE. By HANS CAROSSA. The same.

GEDICHTE. By HANS CAROSSA. The same.

EMERENZ UND CYNTHIA: Aus einer Legende. By HANS CAROSSA. Munich: Corona, November number, published by Verlag der Bremer Presse.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL.

A FEW months ago the English translation appeared of Hans Carossa's war-book, "A Roumanian Diary," and at once the critical reader felt that a new writer, one might say, a new personality, had been discovered. Among the welter of realistic pictures of war, for the most part painted in strident colors, drawn with thick and emphatic strokes, this quiet personal record came as a welcome contrast, and the discerning mind of some unknown publishers' reader is to be thanked for having rescued from its modest retirement this engaging revelation of a sympathetic personality and a delicate prose-style for which it would be difficult to find a parallel in contemporary German literature. Since that event another of Hans Carossa's books has been translated into English, his delicately-written record of his childhood, "Eine Kindheit," and already it seems to be assured of an equally appreciative reception.

It may be said that Carossa is more a "novelists' novelist" than a writer to take the fancy of the general public, but the group of his fellow-writers who last year put together a number of tributes to him and essays in his honor is a sufficient guarantee of the genuineness of his talent. They include the late Rainer Maria Rilke, who early recognized his qualities, the late D. H. Lawrence, whose virility, as his essay shows, has a childlikeness and "sensibility" which made him akin to his German fellow-writer, and the critic and novelist Stefan Zweig. There must be many who would like to know more of Carossa's own personality, and material for this may be conveniently found in the "Buch des Dankes," as well as in the other volumes named at the head of this column—for Carossa seems to be almost entirely an autobiographical writer.

Hans Carossa, then, was born on December 15th, 1878, at the Bavarian town of Tölz, where his father was a doctor. His early impressions of his father's house, with its anatomical specimens, and its scientific mysteries, are given in "Eine Kindheit." After his schooling Hans Carossa decided to follow his father's profession, and he made his medical studies at Leipzig and Munich, qualifying in 1903, when he settled down to a regular life of a general practitioner at Passau. He began to write, and before the war had published three slim volumes. The first was entitled "Stella mystica"—now out of print; the second was a volume of poems, now reprinted with additions, and the third was the volume of pages from a doctor's diary issued under the title "Doktor Bürgers Ende"—now also reprinted, unaltered, from the edition of 1913. Just before the war Carossa went to live in Munich, and then he took up service with a German infantry battalion, the literary outcome of which was the "Rumänisches Tagebuch," which was published in Germany in 1924, and took more than four years to reach the wider public outside. But in his own country, or at least in the city he had made his own—Munich—Carossa was not left without appreciation. In 1928 the city of Munich awarded him the municipal literary prize, while later the group of leading writers combined to offer the volume of tribute to which reference has already been made. Carossa is now a writer of established reputation among all who care for contemporary German literarture. He still follows his original profession, and something of his sympathy for his poor patients is told by Stefan Zweig in the "Buch des Dankes." For this reason, and by temperament, he is hardly likely to be a prolific writer, but practically the whole of his slender literary production is worth reading, and it should not be long before some of his poems, with their wistful note so often recalling the later poems of Rainer Maria Rilke, are found in the really representative anthologies of modern German verse.

Apart from his poems, however, it is impossible to give a just idea of Carossa's talent nad personality by means of extracts. His retiring genius, his delicate style, his quiet, profoundly observant, and thoughtful but never demonstrative personality, must be sought diligently in his work as a whole. There is a certain progression to be traced, in theme if not in manner. The recollections of childhood and youth are set down in "Eine Kindheit" and "Verwandlungen einer Jugend," and now, in the latest pages from his pen, which appeared in the November number of the new Munich bimonthly review, *Corona*, we are given some of his mature reflection, pages from a doctor's life—the contrast between a poor woman, incapable of bringing her child to birth, and the attitude of the girl-artist Cynthia, who despises physical fertility and wishes to bear only the children of her art and imagination. Does this sketch, we wonder, foreshadow a preoccupation with psychological problems, and may other studies be expected from this doctor-artist's pen?

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Writers and Critics

DIE ENGLISCHE LITERATUR DER GEGENWART UND DIE KULTURFRAGEN UNSERER ZEIT. By BERNHARD FEHR. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 1931.

DIE ENGLISCHE LITERATUR DER GEGENWART: VERSDICHTUNGEN. By FRIEDRICH WILD. Leipzig: Dioskuren-Verlag. 1931.

THE appearance of these two German books on modern English literature—the first the outcome of a course of lectures delivered at various German universities last year, the second a volume in the series "Die Literaturen der Gegenwart"—is a sign that the interest of German students in contemporary English writers has not diminished. On the contrary, the German translations of Conrad, Hardy, Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Eliot, and several others, have evidently created a demand for critical material, and it is to the large and still growing body of German readers of English writers of today that these two books, particularly the first, are addressed.

From the list at the end, Professor Fehr's brochure might appear to be intended primarily for those who take their contemporary English literature as they find it in the "Tauchnitz edition." But that famous series, although it has done wonders for the spread of a knowledge of English literature on the European Continent, cannot be called completely representative, even of contemporary English fiction. It would be but a partial view of modern English literature, particularly of living authors, that was derived solely from the Tauchnitz volumes. And, in fact, a reading of Professor Fehr's chapters will soon show that he has not confined himself to this category. His is a very interesting and stimulating account of English literature, beginning with Shaw and Wells and Bennett and Galsworthy, and ending with the Sitwells, with Aldington, Aldous Huxley, Mary Webb, Dorothy Richardson, and T. S. Eliot. It is not just a history—that description may be better applied to Dr. Friedrich Wild's detailed account of English poetry from 1870 to the present year. Professor Fehr aims at critical classification, interpretation, and emphasis on the philosophical significance of the various writers discussed. The whole study proceeds on a theory of classification which, for the German audiences to which the lectures were delivered—and German audiences love clear-cut divisions, tidy differentiations—must have been very welcome. English writers are divided broadly into those who practise *Dingkunst* and those who expound *Bewusstseinkunst*—one might perhaps say, the "Realists" and the rest—the rest meaning Expressionists, Impressionists; while, finally, there is a section just labelled "Romantics," into which are fitted rather uncomfortably one may suppose, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mary Webb, Edgar Wallace, and Osbert Sitwell—this last and most curious juxtaposition being adopted, one may guess, on account of Sitwell's novel, "The Man Who Lost Himself."

It will be seen that Professor Fehr's neat classifications are apt to be a little startling. But in general his pigeonholing is prudent and accurate. He recognizes that there are several writers with a foot in both imaginative camps—Hugh Walpole, for example; there are other writers, like Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence, who, although among the *Bewusstseinkünstler*, are, in respect at least of some of their works, not very far beyond the line separating them from the straightforward realists. And, of course, much of the Professor's differentiation is merely a systematic underlining of the obvious—there is, for example, a clear and unmistakable difference of philosophical background between Noel Coward, the *Dingkünstler* in drama, and Sean O'Casey, who, in the "Silver Tassie" at any rate, came nearer to the German Expressionists than any other English writer of our time. Professor Fehr calls the appearance of his work an "a-kausaler Einbruch" and describes his technique as "turning classicism upside-down." Such remarks give us pause, even if only to seek for a rejoinder. The best pages in this book are the appreciations of James Joyce and the interpretation of Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," but in almost all the other chapters we feel stimulated, even if we do not agree.

Dr. Friedrich Wild does not soar to such philosophical heights as Professor Fehr; it is not his purpose to interpret the relationship of modern English poetry to the "Kulturfragen unserer Zeit," but to give a history, as complete as possible and with the bare essentials of criticism. He, too, has classified his material; special attention has been paid to *Heimatkunst*, and as a result there is a mine of information on modern regional poetry in English, not only Irish and Scotch, but Lancashire and Dorset. The history begins with Tennyson and Browning, and proceeds by chronological stages to our own day, taking in even such recent publications in English poetry as Alfred Noyes's concluding volume of "The Torchbearers," T. S. Eliot's "Ash-Wednesday," and Miss Edith Sittwell's Collected Poems. A German reader—or, for the matter of that, any reader, for this is, for its size, the most detailed history of modern English poetry that we have seen in any language—who takes this volume as his guide, will miss hardly anyone of importance (Alan Porter seems to be the only exception), will correctly appraise the relative importance of the poets discussed, and will find means to estimate the value of the mass of half- or entirely-forgotten minor poetry produced from 1870 onwards. On the critical side, too, let it at least be recorded that Dr. Wild has found something fresh to say about Walter de la Mare, and can mention three or four poems by that writer which the literary reviewer has practically never named.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Philosophy

A PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH TO THEOLOGY. By WALTER MARSHALL HORTON. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

One's conception of the proper nature of theology will determine whether Professor Horton's book is an approach to or a departure from the "Queen of the Sciences." Certainly the theological framework that rather dimly shows through a veil of psychological fog is a structure wholly unlike the sharply outlined Thomistic system.

While psychology does not invalidate theological procedures, it demands their revision. Human nature is discovered to be less hopelessly evil than traditional theology has regarded it. The doctrine of the Incarnation is seen to be a "poetical and metaphysical amplification" of bare facts—but still an amplification that often receives grateful acceptance. God is more a psychological than a cosmic fact; His objectivity seems better to be guaranteed by an analysis of religious experience than by ontological necessity. This dangerous opinion is becoming increasingly prevalent in current religious thought; ultimately it amounts to the assertion that the objectivity of God is assured by His subjectivity. Is not this the ontological argument on stilts?

In critically evaluating the intellectual and psychological history of Christianity Professor Horton combines genuine competency with rare insight. He is one of the few theologians who recognizes that Nietzsche's characterization of Christianity as "slave morality" is precisely and profoundly true. However, the phrase loses its sting when the term "slave" is shown, symbolically at least, to be applicable to mankind universally.

The first third of the book suggests valuable advice to psychiatrists, priests, and pastors by indicating the outlines of their proper spheres. The author is adequately aware of most of the psychological objections to theology and meets "all comers" with a disarming willingness to compromise. Then he stabs them with their own swords.

A PRIMER OF AESTHETICS: Logical Approaches to a Philosophy of Art. By LOUIS GRUDIN. Covici-Friede. 1931. $3.

We are in a period that produces much writing about æsthetics, little of which is within the meaning of the term as we have learned to accept it. Richards and Ogden have colored it with mysticism: the psychologists have claimed it for their own: T. S. Eliot has transformed it into an ardent theology, and the humanists have carried the critical front onto the fields of politics, history, and religion. The tendency, of course, is not accidental. Art, as we have known it from the time of the Renaissance has been an expression and a function of individualism. Now individualism, as a way of life and as a social-economic technique, is on the wane. Art and its philosophy have lost the social organism which they expressed and which at the same time fed them—physically as well as intellectually. The tradition of art, however, still remains: its apologists and philosophers are struggling to find a new and solid earth in which it can again take root.

But there is still ample interest in the work of men who are interested only in explaining and isolating art as we still know it. And among these Mr. Grudin and his "Primer of Aesthetics" are of special interest. The book proposes an instrumentality for coping with esthetic problems rather than a defense of one or another reigning doctrine. Measured by this purpose, it is a successful effort. The instrumentality offered is a theory of language, which is unique at least in this respect, that with all the severity of its abstraction, it applies pertinently and with critical effect to questions that are uppermost in the minds of our embattled critics.

Mr. Grudin's method is centered in the idea that these problems, like those in any field of thinking, such as in the sciences and in philosophy generally, can be considered as lingual ones. His chief claim to distinction thus rests upon the possible merits of the doctrine which will probably come to be known as *linguism*—a doctrine which he has succeeded in removing both from Whiteheadian "organism" and Deweyan instrumentalism.

In the first three essays, Mr. Grudin examines the ways in which meanings "follow one from the other," in the language of words, in certain sciences, and in the arts, to display the lingual aspects of critical questions. He approaches a question by orienting it in a lingual context, on the basis of his theory of the nature of translation and the concept of a "critical language." The critical language is not a special, abstract or hierarchal language, but any language that happens to be functioning critically in a given situation. He is thus enabled to regard any proposition in esthetics in a variety of dimensions rather than from any one native or habitual critical bias alone.

"Philosophical problems," says Paul Valery, "depend for their solution on the ways they are written." "These solutions," says Bertrand Russell, "consist in constructions from known entities rather than in inferences to theoretical unknowns." "They depend, rather," says Louis Grudin, "upon the language into which they are translated, and thus upon a discrimination of meanings as they hold in the different languages, and upon their coördination in their common or coördinate critical language."

A key to the significance of Mr. Grudin's "Primer" is offered in discussions of his work published in "The Symposium." These have emphasized his theory of symbolism, a theory by means of which many "questions in general criticism seem to settle themselves with remarkable ease." Criticism usually proceeds in terms of some general ideology which is characteristic of the critic and which he employs in criticism but is incapable subjecting to a critique in its turn, in terms of other critical instrumentalities. Mr. Grudin's analysis of symbolism seems to have broken free of this limitation by permitting ideologies to be optional and negotiable rather than compulsive. His method has multiplied the available dimensions of the symbols and meanings employed in critical logic. This is an extremely suggestive technique. The freshness of his attack upon basic problems and his construction of a precise and stimulating new terminology are an unusually significant contribution to the literature of esthetics.

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Proust Letters

FORTY-SEVEN UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM MARCEL PROUST TO WALTER BERRY. Paris: The Black Sun Press. 1930.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

SOMEWHERE towards the end of this collection one reader rubbed his eyes and said to himself, "But the writer of these letters had been, was even then, engaged in the most arduous creative effort that has been made in our time; this letter-writer is Marcel Proust, and he is engaged in finishing 'Rememberance of Things Past.'" For, except for a few passages, these letters might have been written by an amateur whose natural habitat is the Ritz, and who has come to have many ailments. The tone of the letters is fervid, invalidish, precious. They are written during the last months of the war and the first years of peace; Proust is ill with a variety of complaints; he is troubled about his investments, about the possibility of having to move from his apartment, about the conduct of the peace negotiations, about the labor of correcting his proofs. The letters are to Walter Berry, President of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, who did many services for Proust, and whom Proust praises lavishly for his speeches and his efforts to bring America into the war on the side of France.

We have no evidence of Proust the creator in them, but we have much evidence of Proust the invalid, Proust the man of society, the frequenter of the Ritz. How French we say to ourselves as we read the lavish compliments which he gives his friend ("You are a Greek of the golden age. You have written more magnificent speeches than this one, but Demosthenes himself could not have reasoned more vigorously than you in this short discourse. And finer than anything else, your gift of prophecy! And what an excellent argument about the food relief! Is it true that the Rand Mines are to be listed on the American Stock Exchange and that this will make them go up?"). And how French we say again, as we recognize the soldierly quality that is also in them. For the writer of these letters knows himself to be near death, and yet he can be friendly, charming, uncomplaining, helpful. "But Death prevents everything and I live with Death," he says casually, and he speaks of his strength "which each day is more besieged by Death." And in another letter he writes, "Can't we meet again before death (I mean mine), and tell each other things whose seed might flower in Eternity?"

What is essential, I think, in Proust comes through these letters—his powerful affection—an affection that is like that which a child bestows upon an elder who represents something of the glory of the world. It is by virtue of such affection that Proust was able to recover his past—his past in which the people he loved had such part. "I am very simple and childlike in my affections," he says in what is a real burst of candor although it does not seem like one, "That is to say I am, I think, very wise. I am mad with joy when some happiness or even something merely agreeable, or something great and merited, happens to those I love." It is because of the evidence of deep affection that is in these forty-seven letters that we can relate them to the writer of "Rememberance of Things Past."

They have been brought out in a sumptuous format, the French originals with the English translation, a handsome book boxed in silver. There are a few unexpected misprints and at least one flaw in type-setting. The letters themselves have not a very great interest. "Swann's Way," "the Guermantes' Way" have been published as the correspondence opens, and "Within a Budding Grove" is going through the press. We have no reflections on the great work beyond Proust's saying that it is the only thing that he now lives for. And yet the reading of these letters makes us realize what a miracle has gone to produce "Rememberance of Things Past." Here is a man who is suffering in his joints, his throat, his heart, who has asthma, and is perpetually catching colds, who is devoted to the social world as a religious might be devoted to the Church (but is not at all worldly), who is always getting through with an unhappy love affair, and who has absorbing interest in music and painting. The doom of being an amateur is inescapable, it would seem. And yet he is able to bring us into a world inhabited by Swann and Odette, Charlus, Gilberte and Albertine, his mother and his grandmother, and he is able to make us know them in the endless transformations that time works on them, each becoming, in the line of Mallarmé's which he quotes twice in these letters:

Tel qu'en lui-même enfin, l'Eternité le change.

By supplying us with a piece of his social background these letters make us realize what Marcel Proust was before he began that process which was to mold him into his essential self, that is before he dipped into his tea a madeleine and discovered a flavor he had relished in the mornings of his childhood—a flavor that resuscitated for him a life he had forgotten, and made him understand that "involuntary memory" is the only true memory, that we know that life is beautiful because we *remember* that it is, that the dead are still loved by us when, through some small token, the memory of them comes back to us. The conversion of the Marcel Proust, the squire of Princesses to the Ritz, to Marcel Proust, the philosophic author, must have been a miracle equivalent to the conversion of any of the saints. Like theirs his conversion was a miracle that came through grace—a grace granted because of his powerful affection.

WE quote from the *London Times Literary Supplement* the following:

"The amazing price of £1,600 paid at Sotheby's on July 30 for Mr. Charles E. Willis's very fine copy of William Blake's 'Songs of Innocence and of Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul,' 1789-94, on thick paper, is of more than passing interest, partly because when it was previously sold in July, 1833, it fell at £2 1s. The two works consist of fifty-four leaves, sharply printed in olive-brown on one side of the paper only, the plates lightly colored with water-color, and bound in two volumes in contemporary or nearly contemporary straight-grained red morocco, blind and gilt fillets round sides.

All that the owner knew concerning the history of this set is that it had belonged to his father and that it had been in his family for very many years. When the sale catalogue was published, with its elaborate description of the book, the entry attracted the notice of an English collector, who bought at the MacGeorge sale the Beckford copy of Blake's 'The Gates of Paradise' in an almost identical binding; this copy contained a rather illegible note of acquisition by Beckford, the correct reading of which eluded Dr. Keynes, but which had been deciphered by the owner as containing the name of Hanrott and the date of Hanrott's first sale in July, 1833. This discovery was communicated to Mr. Des Graz, of Sotheby's, who, on reëxamining Mr. Willis's copy of 'Songs of Innocence and of Experience,' found a very small pencil inscription giving the date of the Hanrott sale (July 20, 1833, lot 891), when the lot was bought for £2 1s. by Thomas Thorpe, the following lot being the above-mentioned 'Gates of Paradise,' which fetched £1 16s.; both lots were described as bound in 'red morocco, gilt leaves.'

It may, therefore, be taken as established that it was Hanrott's set which fetched such a big price at Sotheby's last month, and from Thorpe it may have passed into the possession of Mr. Willis's father. It has been suggested that Hanrott may have acquired both the 'Songs' and the 'Gates' directly from Blake and had them bound by his own binder; and anyway they are almost certainly the first copies to pass through the auction room after Blake's death in 1827. Philip Augustus Hanrott has long been a rather elusive person among the early nineteenth-century book collectors. He was, in fact, one of the greatest and wisest collectors of his time. His 'Splendid, Choice, and Curious Library' was dispersed by Evans in five parts in 1833-34 occupying forty-nine days in all. He died at the age of eighty in Southampton-row, Russell Square, in October, 1856.

Although Hanrott disposed of his library over twenty years before his death, he seems to have retained, or acquired, yet another considerable collection of books, which came up at Sotheby's in January, 1857; many of the books were illustrated 'with additional plates, autograph letters, and interesting bibliographical memoranda by the late Mr. Hanrott.' It is from these 'bibliographical memoranda' alone that Hanrott's books may be recognized, for he seems to have had no bookplate or used any general mark of possession. He, in fact, annotated freely—his fine set of De Bry's voyages and travels, which even in 1833 sold for £300, contained a minute account and collation in his autograph. Incidentally, it may be of interest to Shelley collectors to know that Hanrott's copy of the first edition of 'Queen Mab,' which fetched £2 9s. (Part III., lot 2407), had inserted in it a copy of Shelley's handbill, 'Declaration of Rights.'

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Prince of Playboys, Panjandrum of Finance, Overlord of Whoopee, Author of Caught Short, Prophet of Palmy Days, the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury Ever Produced by the Ziegfeld Follies: the Master-mind of the Eddie Cantor Five-Year Plan Who Is Now Crying Out to All America: YOO HOO PROSPERITY!

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These are a few of the facts reported in *Yoo Hoo Prosperity—the Eddie Cantor Five-Year Plan* by EDDIE CANTOR and DAVID FREEDMAN, a book released tomorrow by *The Inner Sanctum* at the intriguing price of one dollar—or a carload [no, make it *two* carloads] of wheat.

STALIN has a plan. STUART CHASE has a plan, PROFESSOR CHARLES A. BEARD has a plan. All God's children have plans, but in the laugh-paralyzed judgment of your correspondents, the plan to end plans is the EDDIE CANTOR FIVE-YEAR PLAN.

The trouble with this depression, observes the Adam Smith of Great Neck [or, if you prefer, the Kuhn of Kuhn, Loeb and Company], is that everybody is saving for a rainy day—"*Good God! Don't they see it's pouring like Hell right now?*"

To learn conditions at first hand for this economic surv[illegible], EDDIE CANTOR made [illegible] trips across the coun[illegible]—on foot. He conferred with Andrew Mellon, Groucho Marx, the only solvent bank-head of his acquaintance—Talullah—and interviewed at great length his own brother-in-law: a one-hundred-per-cent American—he hasn't worked for two years.

Yoo Hoo Prosperity is more than wisecracking at its best, more than gags glorified to the nth degree. In the side-splitting hilarity, a nation sore beset will find some measure of consolation; in this riot of belly-laughs, thousands of readers will find release from the tension of industrial shock; through it all runs an undercurrent of polemic satire, illuminating the true nature of America's crisis.

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—ESSANDESS

CHARADE CONTEST CLOSING!

The last charade in the Pegasus Perplexing Contest which has been engaging the interest and attention of many of our subscribers during the summer months appeared in **The Saturday Review** of August 29th. The contest will close finally on September 10th. Please be sure that your answers are mailed before midnight of that date so that you will be eligible for the prizes!

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who send in ten or more correct solutions to the puzzles.

If by any chance you have missed one of the issues of **The Saturday Review** containing the charades our Circulation Department will be glad to fill any additional orders at once.

Solutions for the charades should be addressed to:—

Contest Editor
THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of* LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street
New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

ALL this talk of moratoriums which the plight of Germany and Great Britain has produced has dangerous repercussions. Only last week we were lunching with a publisher who shall be nameless since indignant authors might rise to confound him were we to betray his identity, when he suggested as a cure for the ills of his trade a moratorium on the production of books of every kind for a year. And then we went out to lunch with *Emily Street* and *Helen Fish* of Stokes, who confided to us their plans for a vacation in Sussex next summer, and their belief in the desirability of a five-day week and early retirement from business. That way, of course, we thought, lies the prospect of a moratorium on working—a pleasant prospect. But, on further contemplation, we decided that a moratorium on labor meant, for most of us, not a moratorium on, but an end to, living, a less pleasing outlook with "the world so full of a number of things" that one can't possibly afford to consider dying. . . .

And that reminds us of the story *George Denny Chase,* of Harcourt, Brace & Company, told us today when we were lunching with him, of the man who had hit upon the brilliant idea of feeding his horse on sawdust. He began experimentally, mixing the poor beast's feed the first week in the proportion of one quarter sawdust and three quarters oats. The animal got along as usual. So the next week he made his diet half sawdust and half oats, and still all went well. The third week he measured three quarters sawdust to one quarter oats, and seemingly the horse prospered. "Do you know," said the man, in telling of his experiment, "I'm sure I could have made his feed all sawdust the next week except that the horse died in between!" Well, that's what we're afraid of with this moratorium business. . . .

Incidentally, it's the open season for lunching with publishers and growing fat in pursuit of information concerning their forthcoming offerings. Over the scallops and shirred eggs today Mr. Chase conducted us through the catalogue of his organization. As it happened, we had already read in proof a number of the books announced in it and knew at first hand that "Albert Grope," by *F. O. Mann,* which is the story of a belated Victorian, is a full-flavored tale in the *Dickens* manner, with a broad canvas and numerous figures, long and leisurely, and requiring time for the reading, but well worth the perusal; that *Lytton Strachey's* "Portraits in Miniature" shows, as perhaps none of his more extensive studies does so completely, how his brilliance and wit can invest personalities in themselves undramatic and even at times undistinguished with vivacity and interest; that *Thames Williamson's* "In Krusack's House" is a strangely moving portrayal of a man almost primitive in his simplicity, uncouth, inarticulate, pathetically bewildered by love and pathetically steadfast in the face of its betrayal, and that *Louis Untermeyer's* new anthology, "American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman," is as admirably edited and as full of meat in its interpretative and biographical comment as the volumes which have preceded it. Mr. Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry" has now sold over 271,000 copies, a most amazing record. We wonder, just in passing, what has happened to those little Sicilian donkeys, Danke Schön and Don Quixote, which Mr. Untermeyer imported some two years ago and sent up to his farm in the Adirondacks, and which we expected to see supplying mascots for the Democratic Party for years to come. We fear they have not prospered. . . .

Our neighbor, the conductor of the Bowling Green, has come home from Bermuda, magnificent in a white linen suit which he says is not only like the one *Mark Twain* first formed the habit of wearing on the island, but marked down to boot. He is oozing with tales of strange adventure which we are only restrained from repeating by threats of violence and the knowledge that he will relay them to you at first hand. Be on the watch for them. Fish stories are coming your way. . . .

While we're talking of things English, as we were just above, we'd like to interject that in the course of our wanderings through *John o' London's Weekly,* that indispensable source of "fillers" to which we hereby render our annual thanks, we've come across a story which the passage of time seems in no way to have deprived of point. *Oscar Browning,* it seems, was boasting about his collection of books to *Dr. William Thompson,* who was Master of Trinity some fifty years ago. "I don't know what to do with my books," he said. "They fill my library and have overflowed into my dining-room and bedrooms, and even on to the stair landing. I don't know what to do with them." "If I were you, Mr. Browning," dryly replied Dr. Thompson, "I would read some of them." Let whom the shoe fits, wear it.

And also from an English paper we have clipped an advertisement which reads: "For delightful writing use Collard's 'Regent' pen, a gold-plated steel pen, which writes like a quill." So it isn't only *Lord Dunsany,* whose script, gorgeous in red and black ink and written with a quill on parchment, hangs over our editor's desk, who uses that implement. . . .

A conservative people, the English. They look before they leap. Just now *Dr. A. J. Cronin,* whose "Hatter's Castle" Little, Brown tells us has gone into a sixth printing within three weeks of American publication, is waiting to see how his book "takes" in America before deciding to give up the practice of medicine in favor of novel writing. Apparently the publishers think the chances of his going the way of all flesh and becoming a writer are excellent. . . .

And while we're still on the subject of the English, "we'd like to remark, and our language is plain," that we can't get as "het up" as they do about *Richard Aldington's* "The Colonel's Daughter." We think it a good book and an interesting one, a work that places Mr. Aldington squarely among the ranks of the novelists who count. It is scathing, cynical, bitter, but not shrill and hysterical in its indignation as was "The Death of a Hero" which Covici-Friede issued last year. And Mr. Aldington can write. How he can write! Doubleday, Doran & Company, most courteous of publishers, have refrained, except obliquely, from calling our attention to the fact that we released the review of "The Colonel's Daughter" almost a week ahead of time. We hereby extend to them our thanks and our apologies. . . .

Albert Bushnell Hart, editor of "American History Told by Contemporaries" which Macmillan publishes, has been appointed historian of the *George Washington* Bicentennial Commission which is already making plans for the world-wide celebration next year of the Father of His Country. It almost makes us feel young again to think that Mr. Hart, whose books we read in our schooldays, is taking active charge. . . .

After him, the deluge. We've already been reading, or, more accurately, reading in, two forthcoming biographies of Washington, one entitled "Washington as a Business Man," by *Halsted L. Ritter,* to be issued by the Sears Publishing Company, and the other, "George Washington, Republican Aristocrat," by *Bernard Fay,* which Houghton Mifflin is to publish. Mr. Fay's stress is thrown on showing how Washington, by birth, by instinct, and by practice, was the aristocrat who, had he lived a little longer, would have come into violent conflict with many of the groups in his country. He ends his book with a generalization almost Stracheyan in its unorthodoxy. But how wise Washington's prevision as Mr. Fay describes it, how sane the methods by which he proposed to maintain the unity and ensure the peaceful development of the nation! . . .

And now that we have reached France and Frenchmen by way of M. Fay, the moment has come to state that a French Book Club, having offices at 441 Lexington Avenue, has just been formed. It proposes to send out twelve current French books, one each month, to be chosen by a committee of distinguished French writers, at an annual subscription price of ten dollars. The first book is to be issued in October. The books will be mailed to customers, and are to be part of the regular Paris trade edition. There ought to be an eager public for such volumes. . . .

Well, we don't know whether we're bidding you farewell till next week, or a long farewell. The Phœnician is due, but so are copy and letters from him which have not appeared. . . .

Here's hoping.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Doubtless all times seem to those who are living in them times of change, but it does seem at present that a crisis is being reached in an unusually large number of the world's affairs. The Oxonian, who is naturally interested in international problems, lately spent a week in Williamstown hearing the pros and cons of some of these important questions. (The pros and cons seemed almost as numerous as the speakers.)

One of the ablest and wittiest of the speakers was Dr. William E. Rappard of Geneva whose book appraising the League of Nations, "*The Geneva Experiment,*" the Oxford University Press will publish, we hear, in September. Dr. Rappard who is a Professor at the University of Geneva is also a member of the Permanent Mandates Commission and Director of the Geneva Institute of International Studies. He is the author of "The Beginnings of World Government" in the Fifth Series of "*Problems of Peace,*"[1] the annual volume containing the lectures of the Geneva Institute, by eminent international authorities. Another contributor to the same volume is Salvador de Madariaga, the new Spanish Ambassador to this country, on the timely topic "The Difficulty of Disarming." His "*Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*"[2] we heard highly commended in one of the Round Tables at Williamstown. When it was published it received the annual prize of "L'Europe Nouvelle" for the best political book of the year. His appointment to Washington came, by a curious incidence, just after the publication of "*I. Americans,*"[3] his "First Epistle to the Americans," a book which as one reviewer said is "wise fun," and as all reviewers said is delightfully witty and stimulating from beginning to end—"not a dull moment."

While we were at Williamstown, the Press sent us a little book which is made doubly interesting by the recent political upheaval in England — "*Consolidating World Peace*"[4] by Arthur Henderson, the former Labor Foreign Secretary. It is one of the new *Oxford Lecture Series,* which will offer the public lectures at Oxford by men of world-wide reputation in a form suitable for preservation. The lectures are by such men as John Galsworthy, Hilaire Belloc, and J. Livingston Lowes. One of the most striking things we have read for a long time—really overpowering in its logic—is C. D. Broad's "*War-thoughts in Peace Time*"[5] in the same series.

We can't begin to discuss or mention even the outstanding titles in the Oxford list of books on international and political subjects.[6] The Oxford Press is in a fair way to become the principal publisher of books of this sort. Everyone knows, of course, the annual "*Survey of International Affairs*"[7] by Arnold Toynbee which is recognized as indispensable to all students of the subject. It is complemented by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's "*Documents on International Affairs,*"[8] and on almost every question it brings up an Oxford book may be found to give the necessary background for a more intensive study. On all questions of England and the British Empire the Oxford library is, of course, particularly rich. On the subject of India, which is about to take the centre of the world's stage by reason of the conference in London, the Oxford Press is in a peculiar position to provide authoritative books on every phase. For its great Indian Branch, with offices at Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, is second in importance only to the American Branch.

The British financial crisis makes us eager to see two books in the Oxford Fall list. They are *The Bank of England from Within,* 1694-1900 in two volumes, by W. Marston Acres, and *The Pound Sterling,* a history of English Money, by A. E. Feavearyear. Two other timely forthcoming books are *The Rise of the German Republic,* by Dr. Arthur Rosenberg, the official Reporter to the Reichstag Commission set up after the war to inquire into the causes of the German collapse, which has been translated by Ian Morrow, and *The Making of Rumania,* by T. W. Riker of the University of Texas. But we advise everyone interested in books of this—or any other—kind to write for the Oxford Fall List.[9]

THE OXONIAN.

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